

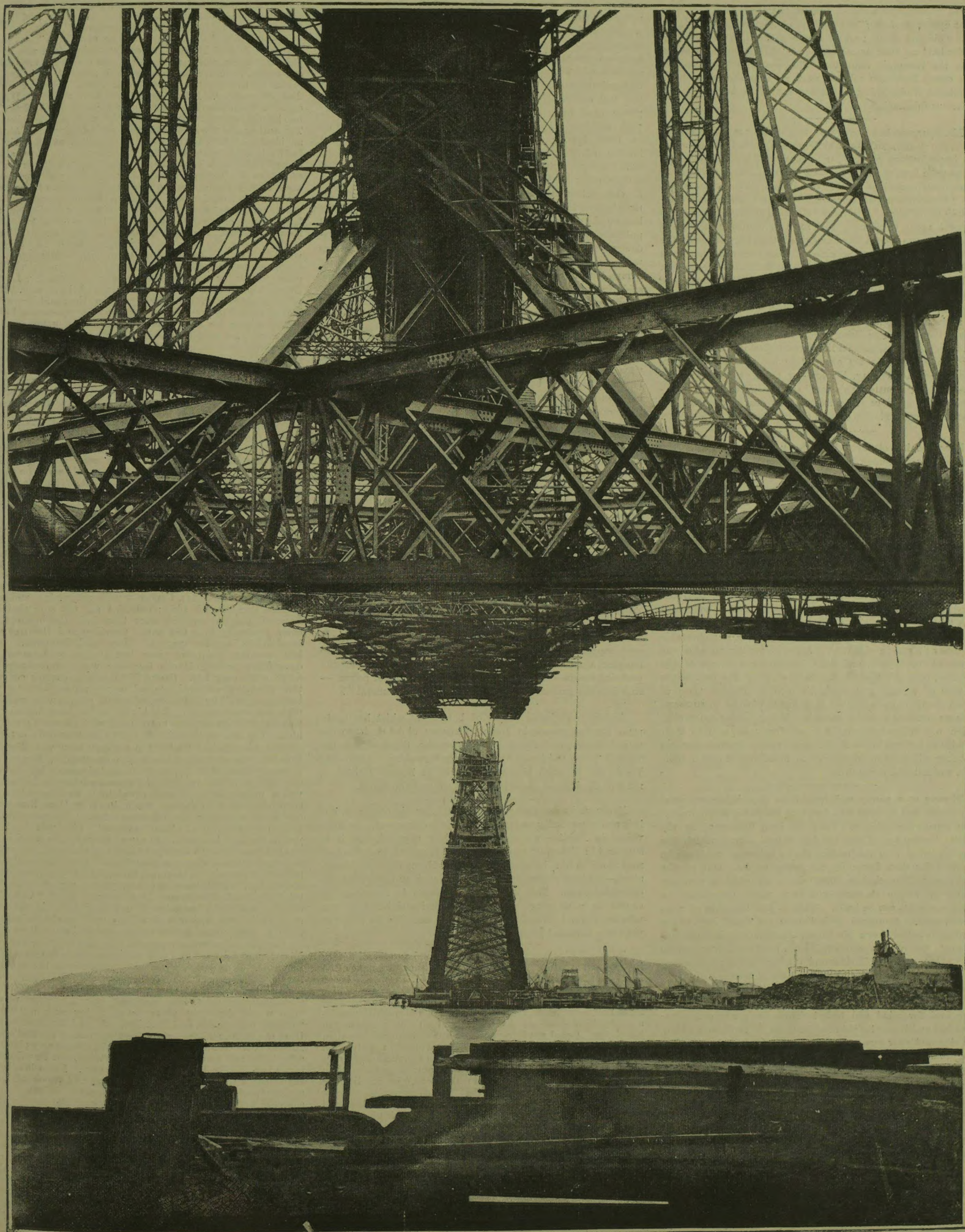
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THE FORTH BRIDGE: QUEENSFERRY NORTH CANTILEVER, BOTTOM MEMBER: AND GARVIE MAIN PIER (APRIL, 1889).

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Not many weeks ago some ludicrous impostor attempted to whitewash Mr. Squeers, and prove Dotheboys Hall a seminary of exceptional respectability. He even proposed to plant a rose-tree upon Miss Fanny's grave to typify her angelic temper. After so many years, it seemed safe to say anything; but he little knew Smike was alive. An individual who has been interviewed by a country paper confesses—certainly not from motives of vanity—to have been the original of that persecuted but slightly weak-minded youth. The food provided at Mr. Squeers's establishment he describes as having been mainly "stirabout and potatoes," with brimstone-and-treacle as an agreeable and wholesome alternative. "So ill were we fed," he writes, "that we used to break out at night and rob bean and pea stacks!" Even at school they took their meals standing, "as in the picture." He ran away from this Elysium at fifteen years of age. He did not, of course, expire, as represented by the great novelist, with angels about him, "all with light upon their faces," but went into trade and prospered. He is now old and strong; and I should dearly like to lock him up for half an hour, armed with one of Mr. Squeers's canes, with the impudent individual who would have us believe that cheap Yorkshire schools were all they should be, *temp.* "Nicholas Nickleby," and the account of Dotheboys Hall a malicious fabrication.

Mr. Spurgeon has discovered that there are imperfections about the gentleman's son which are not so easily overcome as the imperfections of the young man who has had to rough it from the first, and earn his own living. One is anxious to know how he arrives at this conclusion, which seems to put the "Well-known Old Harrovian" and all his friends completely out of court. "Tip-cat," it would seem, is superior, as a moral agent, to cricket. But for this dogma of the great preacher's, one would have imagined that the defects of the juvenile members of "the classes" were passive rather than active: a want of diligence, too high an opinion of themselves, and a general inactivity. They at least would not have to be taught to pick up their h's, and keep their knives out of their mouths; and though I would not venture to suggest in these days that manners have as much to do with morals as athletic games, they have something to do with them. What makes Mr. Spurgeon's conclusion a little unsatisfactory is that if the boy who has to earn his own living achieves any considerable success in that way, his son—or, at all events, his grandson—will be "a gentleman's son," and exhibit the very imperfections from which his ancestor was free! So that our educational course is not only in a circle, but in a vicious one.

Everyone has observed how the novelists, especially the female ones, fix upon some feature in their heroes and heroines which nobody in real life thinks much about, and endow it with the most significant qualities. The hole in the chin, so indicative of devotion to the fair sex, and the shell-like ear (particularly the lobe of it), proclaim the moral nature. The curl of the lip, one need hardly say, is a diagnosis of character in itself, and the eyebrow has, we all know, evoked odes. It has hitherto happened, however, that the nose—except for purposes of satire, or racial antagonism—has been comparatively neglected, and it is pleasant to find it looking up a little—*retroussé* in its best sense. A Dutch physician has discovered that this organ is closely connected with the mental faculties, and that the habit of not breathing through it, which it seems is only too general, is answerable for many defects in education. A young gentleman who was at school for a year, and only learnt three letters of the alphabet, became a ripe scholar on giving up the deleterious practice of breathing through his mouth. Persons short of breath should obviously avoid it altogether, so as to husband their resources as much as possible. It is a matter concerning which our fellow-creatures do not often take us into their confidence, but one hopes if the new system becomes general that they will confine themselves to breathing through their nose, and not talk through it.

Dinners at a penny and breakfasts at a halfpenny seem very cheap, and to those who frequent the Savoy or the Bristol must appear incredibly so; but it has been discovered by the Special Committee of the London School Board, which has been inquiring into the matter, that wholesome meals can be procured for that figure for its young pupils. Out of the 340,000 attending scholars, 50,000 do so on what is vulgarly termed an empty stomach—the very worst foundation on which education can be built. What is the hardship of compulsory cricket compared with that of the small boy whose learning is poked down his throat under these miserable conditions? Out of this number, though half are fed by various charitable agencies, 25,000 in round numbers "go home as hungry as they come." It is for these that the School Board makes appeal. The richest city in the world will surely not grudge £150 per diem that its youngest and poorest offspring may have food for mind and body! Three halfpence a day for breakfast and dinner! Think of it, think of it, dissolute man, and close not your ears to the cry of the children, lest a worse thing come upon you than dyspepsia—and serve you right!

Science is puzzled because, though the telephone has been successfully laid between Vienna and Prague, it has been observed that those who listen in Prague can hear more distinctly than those who listen in Vienna. The circumstance certainly reminds one of the Bengal tiger who measured 15 ft. from the tip of his nose to that of his tail, and 16 ft. from the tip of his tail to that of his nose; but I have noticed even in this country that the gentleman (at the West-End) summoned by this scientific instrument, when the matter under discussion is one of finance, is often slower to comprehend its communications than the gentleman at the other end (in the City) who wants his money.

The recent death of a lady at a dentist's under the administration of gas will doubtless cause a scare with respect to that anæsthetic; but the cases in which it has proved fatal—and even then in consequence of no previous examination as to heart disease having taken place—can be counted on the hand, and those it has saved from torture by millions. It also affords the opportunity of self knowledge. One who has been so often a patient under this operation as to be almost called an expert, tells me, "If you want to hear what other people think of you, do not be in a hurry to come to yourself—or at all events to the dentist and the doctor—when the thing is over, and while they are still discussing your peculiarities. It is not only your teeth that they talk about, I do assure you."

An outcry has again arisen in the newspapers against anonymous journalism—an especially ungrateful occurrence at a time when the world is said to be "convulsed" with the question, Is a certain eminent personage the author of a certain article in a monthly review? If a name was put to it there would be no convulsions, without which the world would be as flat as Hampden Junior asserts it to be. In a signed article, alas (*crede experto*), one cannot be so "nasty" as ill-nature or a disordered liver or the desire to pay off old scores would suggest. It has also the disadvantage which fetters impose upon dancers—one cannot "let oneself out" to the full extent of one's genius, for it is only a very few people (and those mostly in jail) who have the courage of their opinions. As to criticism, it is impossible to indulge in that luxury if you use the "I" (and dot it) instead of the "We." You must be either as mild as milk, or go out to dinner to meet your author with a six-shooter in the small of your back. It is true that if one writes anything good, and doesn't claim it within twenty-four hours, half a dozen other fellows are sure to do so; but, on the other hand, if it is libellous, one's editor, or one's publisher, does his three months for us as a first-class misdemeanant. Above all, the anonymous system gives young writers their chance. If all our periodicals went in for great names, it would fare ill indeed with rising merit. It may be said, indeed, that this cuts both ways, but that is not so. Sooner or later, so far as fame is concerned (but not in every individual article), the nameless writer becomes recognised. I know of only two instances to the contrary, in neither of which, moreover, was recognition sought: the author of "Supernatural Religion" and the writer of the letters signed "An Englishman" in the *Times*. To be sure, there are "The Letters of Junius," but the question of their authorship lies between two persons at most, and only a few Dryasdusts care twopence which of them it was.

The lower classes, especially in the North country, are often accused of a lack of tenderness in their domestic relations. One of the saddest of Dean Ramsay's stories is that in which the Highland wife, when on her death-bed in Glasgow, beseeches her husband to let her be buried in her own country among the hills, since she is sure her bones will never rest in the hateful town; to which he replies, "I'll bury ye in the Gorbals first, hinnie, and if ye don't lay quiet there, then I'll see about it." But it is not always so. A poor woman in Scarborough, the other day, expressed a similar wish to be buried in her native place, and her husband, having no other means of transporting the body, wheeled it on a hand-cart seventy miles of hilly road to carry out her wishes. Her little son accompanied him on that miserable journey, which was accomplished in wet weather. A suspicion haunts me that I have read of this incident before; but supposing it ever happened, as I have no doubt it did, is it possible to imagine a more pathetic one? How mutes and plumes and prancing steeds—"the pride of heraldry, the pomp of power"—sink into insignificance beside such a "walking funeral"!

A very remarkable "show of hands" at whist has again made its appearance in India. Thirteen clubs dealt to the second player, and all the trumps to the third, except the "nine," which the dealer had modestly turned up for himself! We do not see such phenomenal cards at home. I think it must be the heat of the climate that "forces the hands."

Everyone knows that it is vulgar to yawn in company, but it is not so generally understood that it is dangerous. An individual in Dublin—we are not told how engaged, but it is supposed in listening to one of the "Hundred Best Books," read aloud to him by a member of the Home Reading Association—has been stretching his jaws to such an extent that he dislocated them. This is not only a lesson in manners, but should be a warning to all professional and business men who are in the habit of "opening their mouths too wide" in view of a financial prospect.

Wilkie Collins, we are told, always found a great difficulty in choosing a title. This is news to me, though I have often heard him inveigh against Stationers' Hall, in which books are not entered by their names, and it is, therefore, impossible to tell whether the title you have hit upon is original. Like most novelists, he had to pay for what Paley calls "undesigned coincidences" of this kind. As a rule he was happy in his choice. Could anything be more apt and appropriate than his "After Dark," for instance? "The Woman in White," on the other hand, does not commend itself to one as a title, save by association. One cannot divest it now, any more than one can divest "Never Too Late To Mend," of its literary attractions; but at first sight they are commonplace. Scott was in favour of calling stories after their chief characters, and since in his case they were so amazingly successful we fancy they owed something to their names; but there is nothing in "Quentin Durward" to conjure with, nor in "Tom Jones," nor in "Esmond," nor in "David Copperfield." The best name that was ever hit upon for a novel, attractive in itself, and hinting at its contents without revealing them, was probably "Vanity Fair." It is possible that in that instance the tail wagged the dog—the name of the novel suggested the novel itself, a circumstance by no means unprecedented. A very good title will flash on an author like lightning—sometimes in the middle of the story, more often at the end, but sometimes, again, before it is begun.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The writer of these lines ought to know something of Tom Robertson's "Caste." He contributed to the Christmas book in which the outline or sketch of "Caste" first appeared, long before the author became a dramatist, in the days when Robertson, not without reason, thought himself a "disappointed man," and, though he vented his spleen on his enemies, could never conceal the tenderness of his nature from his friends. It was in the days when Tom Robertson was a "hack writer," translating plays for a five-pound note for Lacy, the theatrical bookseller, in the Strand; doing odd jobs for Beeton, the publisher; literally working from hand to mouth; contributing dramatic criticisms to the *Illustrated Times*, that he conceived the idea of "Caste" in a Christmas story. Of the little band of brothers who wrote and illustrated these stories but three are left. Tom Hood, our editor and chief, is at rest in Nunhead Cemetery. Jeff Prowse is buried, far away from home, in a cemetery near Nice. Paul Gray, we left, years ago, in the Catholic Cemetery at Kensal-green. Robertson is at peace hard by, in the Protestant section of the same cemetery. And of the three left are Gilbert, who has views of his own about old times and early struggles; Tom Archer, stanch and true; and the present writer, who has followed the fortunes of the stage ever since Robertson and Gilbert deserted criticism for dramatic authorship.

Yes; I saw the first performance of "Caste" at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, and every other performance of the play in London, so far as I know. And now let me make a confession, in order to show that I am not prejudiced in favour of the original "Caste," and unable to shake off my first impressions. I have never yet seen a George D'Alroy equal to Fred Younge. He was not an actor of the first class, but he understood D'Alroy because he understood Robertson. The author and the actor had been schoolfellows. D'Alroy is an idealised Dobbin, and Fred Younge had at an early age imbibed Robertson's love for Thackeray. I have always thought of "Caste" as a happy combination between Robertson's love of Thackeray as a writer and his profound admiration of Mrs. Bancroft as an actress. The spirit of Thackeray really wrote half the play, and Mrs. Bancroft suggested the other. Younge was exactly the D'Alroy-cum-Dobbin that Robertson originally suggested to us—slow, timid, lisping, stupid, the soldier with a shy manner but a tender heart, a lion in action, a lamb in days of peace. Yes, I have seen them all—Montague and Coghlan and Clayton and Conway; but none of them came within a mile of Fred Younge. Candidly, Leonard Boyne is the nearest to the original that I have seen. He is what Robertson wanted—the shy soldier, the timid, brave man. No one since Younge has so understood the "spoonysm" of the young soldier, his sheep-faced manner in the presence of his adored one, his well-bred chivalry, his manly childishness, if I may so express myself—no one has dared to play the difficult scene with the baby heir in the last act with such absolute truth and conviction. Other D'Alroys have sneered at the scene, have felt foolish in it and awkward, and no doubt would have agreed with the incomprehensible and foolish writer who said the other day that the scene ought to be played without the baby! Monstrous suggestion! No one laughs at the baby if the actor understands the scene. It is the very contrast that Robertson wanted: the speechless, helpless child—the strong, hungry man; the infant—the father; the soft nothing in long clothes—the "great stupid," as women would say, who wanted to buy a pony for a baby a month old. There is nothing absurd or ridiculous about the scene if it is understood. Strong hulking cavalry officers do love the children born of the women they love, let the cynics say what they will.

But let me continue. There never has been, and, honestly, I believe there never will be, a Polly Eccles like Mrs. Bancroft, or a Gerridge like Mr. John Hare, or a Hawtree like Mr. Bancroft. To begin with, Mrs. Bancroft sat for the part. It is a photograph. I have seen her do all that ballet business and act "Jour la Folle" years before "Caste" was written. Robertson annexed Mrs. Bancroft, with all her fun, and incorporated them in his play; indeed, I am not sure that Mrs. Bancroft did not suggest more than half the business that came naturally into the part. Gerridge and Hawtree were inspirations on the part of Hare and Bancroft. They had nothing to guide them but the author's remarkable descriptive power. Hare's Gerridge was the Cockney gas-fitter to the very life. Bancroft's Hawtree exactly conveyed the "plunger," venerated by good society; the youngster who became a swell by imitation, who had mixed with well-bred men, and was forgetting that his father had been in trade. All these subtle distinctions were part of Robertson's original idea. You can see them in the story that preceded the play.

The best Esther Eccles I have ever seen was Miss Amy Roselle. To my mind she was more tender, human, and womanly than Miss Lydia Foote, and she made her audience sob—not cry. Her reading of Hawtree's letter in the last act was a masterpiece. Almost equal to it was the sudden and surprising start to success made by Miss Olga Brandon in the same character the other evening. No one dreamed that she could do anything as well. She will be better yet in the first two acts. She was surprisingly good in the last. It was a very valuable test of what she can do, and of a young actress who can play Esther Eccles so well much may be expected. In fact, in these days she has everything before her. Good looks she has, youth, a good stage face, pliability, and expression. In the third act of "Caste" we discovered that she had a heart and could feel. If she could only make love to her husband as well as she defends her child, it would be an Esther quite equal to her predecessor's.

For pure cleverness commend me to the Polly Eccles of Miss Lottie Venn. It is in no sense an imitation of Mrs. Bancroft. It is jerky, spasmodic, pantomimic, but infinitely funny. The success of the revival owes much to Miss Lottie Venn, for she has shown us that we need not put "Caste" on the shelf because time has scattered our favourite players. Who would deny the playgoer of to-day such a treat as "Caste" because Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Hare look on from the stalls, and are not on the other side of the footlights? If Miss Lottie Venn is not Mrs. Bancroft, she is a very plausible, acceptable, and comic Polly. To my mind, Mr. David James is the best Eccles that the stage has seen. I like him better than George Honey. It is a more temperate, thoughtful, and artistic performance. The vacant look is imitable, the snatches of song exactly characteristic of the man who is at one moment maudlin, the other irritable with drink. Mr. Brookfield as Gerridge and Mr. Elwood as Hawtree conscientiously strive to depart from accepted tradition, and they do not fail. I prefer, myself, the perky, mercurial, irritable little artisan to the dull lout who reminds me more of a Cockney costermonger than a trades-unionist; and, to my mind, the new Hawtree—clever as he is—lacks humour. We shall possibly, in our time, never see a Marquise like Mrs. Stirling. The present lady is not a bit like Robertson's creation. But let that pass. The old play is excellently acted, and is well worth an early visit to the Criterion.

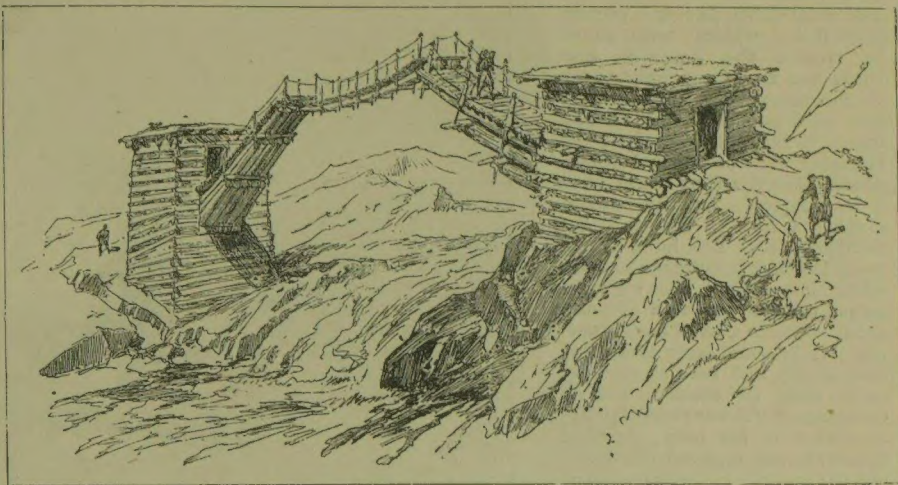
C. S.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Among the great triumphs of engineering which this century has witnessed, the Forth Bridge is most remarkable for its colossal dimensions, the originality of its design, and the ingenuity and invention of details, which have been necessary in such a novel construction, manifesting the highest development of mechanical science and skill. In the Forth Bridge, Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker will have created a monument of human contrivance the magnitude of which is unprecedented. It may be as well for us, in the first place, to explain the necessity which has led to the construction of this bridge, and also of the bridge over the Tay at Dundee, for the one is only the complement of the other. A glance at a sketch-map of this part of Scotland will make it easily understood. Two large rivers, the Tay and the Forth, run from west to east, flowing into the German Ocean. Each of these has a long and wide firth or estuary. To avoid these firths, land traffic coming from the north had to cross the Tay at Perth and the Forth at Stirling. Military movements were influenced by the same conditions, and Stirling is, on this account, the strategic key to the north of Scotland, for to the west of that place is a mountainous region. This will explain the reason why so many battle-fields, such as Falkirk, Bannockburn, and Sheriffmuir, are to be found in the neighbourhood of that place. The two rivers, with their firths, have also determined the line of traffic north by railway. Until the present time, the main line has passed by Stirling, and on to Perth. The East Coast line, or the North British, which works the northern traffic in connection with the Great Northern to King's-Cross in London, has had, until now, either to ferry goods and passengers across the Forth from Granton to Burntisland, and, before the Tay Bridge was built, again at Dundee; or else, to avoid the two ferries, the traffic had to be carried by the roundabout line of Alloa or Stirling. To secure a direct unbroken line of communication it became necessary to bridge over the two firths; and, as the competition between railways was so great, this has been done. This short explanation will give an idea of the purpose of the Forth Bridge, and its connection with the Tay Bridge, the two being necessary parts of one system. The two bridges will enable the East

a curved bracket will be seen which springs from near the top of the wall: this projects out and upwards till it touches the first cross beam. The object of this is to reduce the length of the space in the cross beam on which the strain from the weight rests. A simpler illustration may be taken. Suppose the jambs of a door over which a lintel is to be laid: if brackets are placed on the top of the jambs or side posts, in so far as they project within the width of the door, they reduce the space to be covered by the lintel, thus giving greater strength and security from the weight above. The "cantilever" has the same object in view: it is in principle a bracket, which reduces the space to be bridged over. It is necessary to be thus exact in defining the meaning of the word cantilever, because the spans of the Forth Bridge have been often described as "arches," for they present a curved form to the eye, but there is no arch in principle. The curve results from the form of the cantilever, or bracket. This principle of construction, though, as already stated, new to modern engineering, is a very old one. It was familiar to all who had large roofs to construct. But it has a still greater antiquity: the germ of the idea can be traced back to the earliest forms of architecture. Take the capitals of the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian orders, and it will be observed that they all spread outwards above, and that the abacus, the top member of the capital, extends out beyond the width of the supporting column beneath; thus reducing the space over which the architrave extends. In Hindu architecture this principle received a marked development: the capital of the column became a bracket, or double bracket, and "bracket capital" is now a recognised term in Indian architecture. In the Himalayas this principle was applied to the building of bridges. At Wang-to, on the Sutlej, about 150 miles east from Simla, there is a good example of a bridge built on this plan. The width to be crossed here is 120 ft., a large space to be bridged over by a people who are still in the most primitive condition of civilisation, and to whom mechanical engineering as a science is totally unknown; and it speaks highly for the principle when we see that hill tribes, with the rudest means at their hand, were able to make a bridge of such dimensions. In this case, logs of the deodar were employed. At each end there is a tower with a passage through it to the bridge: this tower by its weight supports the brackets, and they, again, support the central part. The brackets here are the counterpart of the cantilevers in the Forth Bridge. The sketch here given of this bridge was made in 1860. Since then, the Hindostan and Tibet Road has been continued from Serhan to Chini, and our engineers had to make a new bridge at Wang-to; they showed their appreciation of the principle by constructing the new bridge

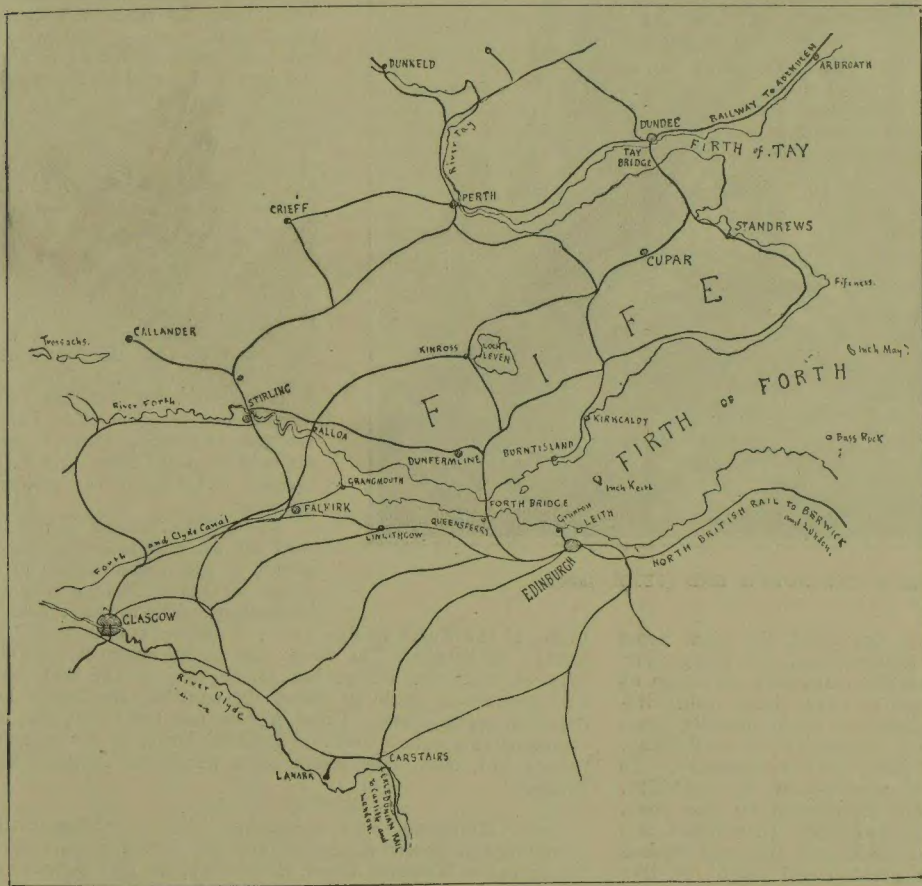
To give an idea of the task that had to be performed it will be necessary to give some of the principal dimensions, and for this purpose a skeleton elevation is here shown, with a few measurements upon it. The whole length of the viaduct is 8296 ft., which is over one mile and a half. A portion of this, about five eighths of a mile, connects the bridge proper with



HIMALAYAN BRIDGE AT WANG-TO, ON THE SUTLEJ.

the high ground on each side of the firth. The bridge itself is 5349 ft. 9 in. in length, which is about 60 ft. over a mile. It may, perhaps, give the best idea of size by taking a mile along a well-known thoroughfare in London. From Charing-cross along the Strand and Fleet-street to the foot of Ludgate-hill is over a mile, and would be a little longer than the bridge. From the Marble Arch along Oxford-street to Berners-street, which is only a little west from Tottenham-court-road, is exactly a mile: add 60 ft. more, and there is the length of the Forth Bridge. This space is spanned by three mammoth cantilevers, which give two wide spaces in the middle, each 1710 ft., and what may be described as too half-spaces, one at each end, 689 ft. wide. The cantilevers are connected in the centre by lattice girders, each 350 ft. in length. It may here be explained that the cantilevers being the brackets, the lattice girder between them is equivalent to the lintel in architecture, or the central portion of the Himalayan bridges. As stated above, each of the two great spans is 1710 ft. in length, or very short of the third of a mile. This long stride over space will be grasped better by the mind, when it is stated that it is about the same distance as that between the Charing-Cross Station and Somerset House. Cheapside and the Poultry—that is, from Peel's statue to the Mansion House—has very close upon the same number of feet between the two points. The whole length of London Bridge extends over only about the half of this space. This is the longest distance between the supports which has yet been covered by mechanical means. The Brooklyn Bridge at New York covers 1600 ft.: it is on the suspension principle, and has only one span—a gigantic work, but it is likely to be the last great bridge that will now be constructed on that system.

It will now be necessary to give a slight description of the mode of construction, which has many points of interest; and in doing so the advantages of the cantilever principle will be more fully brought out. The first part of the task was that of constructing the piers on which the three cantilevers were to rest. A glance at the small skeleton elevation will give an idea of the ground at the bottom of the firth. On the Queensferry side the water is shallow for a considerable distance, and a position was found there at a practicable depth; on the Fife side the cantilever stands on the edge of the shore. The central cantilever had to be placed in mid-stream, and the engineers affirm that, had it not been for Inch Garvie, this could not have been accomplished. This island is little more than the summit of a rock projecting out of the water, on which there is an old keep, as old as the Norman period, if we may judge of its date by the circular arch over some of its doorways; it has a small battery of later times by means of which it stopped pirates when they chased vessels up the firth; on the western edge of this rock stand the piers of the central cantilever. Each cantilever rests on four circular piers, faced with granite, 49 ft. in diameter. To construct these piers, large circular iron caissons, 70 ft. in diameter, were built close to the shore, and launched upon ways—in the same manner as ships are launched; these were towed to the spot where the pier was to be built, and sunk to the ground. These caissons had no bottom, but there was a strong diaphragm, or iron floor, 7 ft. from the lower end; the object of this was to make the space below into what might be called a diving bell, into which air was pumped, and the water expelled. The entrance to this space was through the diaphragm, by means of "air locks" or double air-tight doors, so that workmen



MAP OF RAILWAYS, SHOWING THE NECESSITY OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

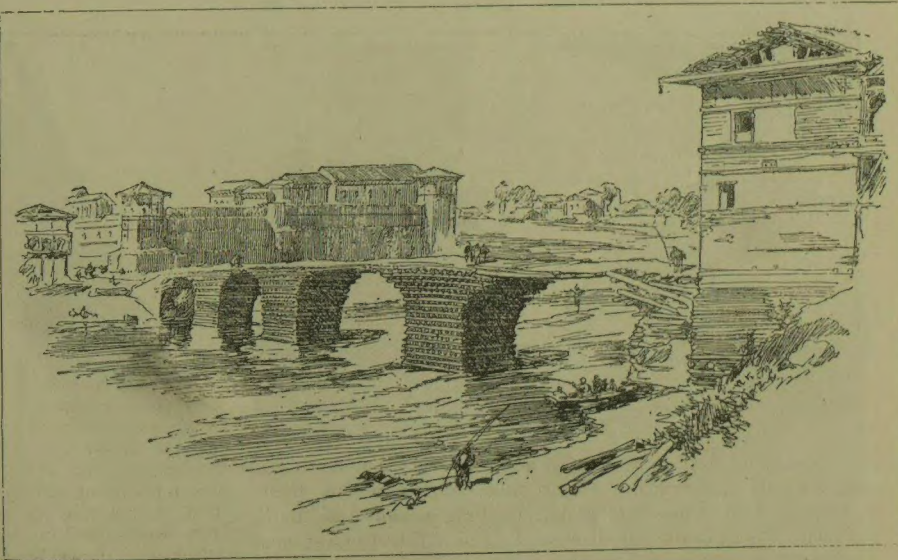
Coast line to bring the traffic with Dundee, Perth, Montrose, Aberdeen—in fact, the whole traffic of the north of Scotland—direct to King's-Cross, London.

In one of the quarterings of the Southferry Arms there is a lady with a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand, standing erect in a small boat; in proportion to the lady the boat cannot be above three feet in length. The lady is St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, from whom Queensferry derives its name. The size of her boat, as represented by the heraldic artist, produces a striking contrast with the mammoth iron structure which now towers over everything in Queensferry, and by means of which Queen Margaret, had she lived in the present day, would have crossed the firth on her way to "Dunfermline town." Queensferry was, no doubt, a ferry from a very early date; for the wide firth here becomes narrow, and is only a mile across; and on this account it was selected for the bridge. This was the space to be spanned over, and gives one of the principal dimensions of the work. The height of the bridge had also to be considered in relation to existing conditions. In the case of the Tay there is no port of consequence above Dundee: only a few very small craft go up to Perth. The Forth is very different: there are numerous ports on both sides of the firth above Queensferry, and a large amount of shipping of every size has to pass up and down. There is also the entrance to the Forth and Clyde Canal at Grangemouth. The ships of commerce are daily increasing in size; and, to ensure that the navigation of the great estuary would not be interfered with in time to come, a space of 150 ft. has been given as the height for vessels to pass under the bridge. The Admiralty have a controlling power over all estuaries and rivers as far up as the tide flows, and have, no doubt, had an eye to all possible contingencies in the future, which would include the passage of her Majesty's ships in case of war operations; and the height given will now allow even the largest of them to sail through.

On considering the plan to be adopted for such a large bridge, it was found that there would be immense difficulties in constructing it upon any of the usual principles upon which modern bridges have been erected. After much thought a new principle was adopted—at least it was entirely new to modern engineering, but it turns out to have been a very old one. It is described as the "cantilever" principle, a term applied to the bracketing by which the woodwork of roofs is supported. If any one looks up at such a roof as that of Westminster Hall,

on the old plan. Many of the readers of *The Illustrated London News* may have visited Cashmere, and noticed the primitive bridges over the Jhelum in that locality. These bridges, like the Forth Bridge, have more than one span. The piers are formed by laying pine-logs on each other, each layer at right angles to the other. Near the top the logs are longer and project outwards, reducing the space between the piers, over which the logs forming the roadway are placed.

This is only a variation of the bracket or cantilever principle. How long this peculiar system of bridge-making has existed in India no one at present can say. Sir John Fowler and Mr. Baker are perfectly well acquainted with these primitive types; but their high merit consists in having the comprehensive grasp of the idea which enabled them to see how this early form of construction could be applied to the requirements of modern engineering; and in the Forth Bridge they have shown that they could accomplish by this means what would have been most difficult, if not impossible, to do by the ordinary methods in use. The advantages of the new system—for such it may be called—are acknowledged, and already other bridges have been constructed on the same principle. The Sukkur Bridge over the Indus, on the Quetta line, is on the cantilever plan. The American engineers have also recognised its merits, and as early as 1852 they built a steel cantilever bridge on the Canadian Pacific Railway; and they have continued to apply the principle in the case of over half a dozen other bridges. These have been, of course, much smaller works than the Forth Bridge; but the plan is equally applicable to the latter



BRIDGE AT SOPUR, ON THE JHELM, CASHMERE.

could descend into it and excavate the foundation for the pier. This chamber was lighted by electricity, and hydraulic machinery was used for disintegrating the earth or rock, so as to procure a solid base on which to build. One of the caissons had to be sunk to a depth of about 90 ft. To ensure safety to the men at work, a pressure of about two atmospheres, or 32 lb. on the square inch, was constantly maintained by means of air-

pumps. So perfectly was everything arranged in these caissons that even visitors were allowed to descend and inspect them; and it is related of one gentleman who went down, having a pocket-flask full of whisky, with which he treated the workmen, that when the flask was empty the visitor screwed on the stopper and returned it to his pocket, where it remained all right till he emerged into the usual atmosphere, when the flask burst with a loud report. Luckily, except making a hole in the coat, the gentleman was not hurt, but it was a lesson in pneumatics to him: when he screwed the cork on below, the air was at a pressure equal to double that of the air outside; if he could have corked his own mouth and nose as securely as the flask, the consequences on emerging might have been equally disastrous to his body. Another rather curious incident occurred: one day a number of salmon forced their way under the caisson, and were, of course, secured. It was supposed that as these fish, when on their way from the sea to the river, always head against a current, they by chance had come upon the movement produced by the air escaping which is being constantly pumped into the caisson, had headed against it, and thus found their way as strange but not unwelcome visitors into one of the sights of the Forth Bridge.

As soon as the piers were finished the ironwork was begun. From each pier rises an iron—or to be more accurate, a steel—column, 12 ft. in diameter. This was carried up to a height of 361 ft. above the sea-level; if to this is added the 90 ft., the lowest foundation of the piers, the result is 451 ft.—an elevation far above that of St. Paul's. It even overtops St. Peter's at Rome, and very nearly reaches a point as high as the Great Pyramid. Seen from a distance, these columns have the appearance of long straight poles, but they are built up of sheets of steel riveted together. Of course they are hollow tubes, and are bound together by similar tubes of smaller dimensions, as well as by innumerable girders, which are scarcely perceptible to the eye when seen from a distance. Here it may be as well to give an idea of the great difference in the mode of construction at the Forth Bridge from that of the Britannia Bridge, which may be taken as a good example of previous engineering. In that case the large tubes which formed the roadway between the supports were constructed in one piece—their length, it may be mentioned, was not above a fourth of the space between two of the cantilevers—and the whole mass had to be raised up from the water to the top of the piers. This was the grand difficulty, and its achievement was considered at the time as a crowning success of engineering skill. In the Forth Bridge the difficulty does not exist. On the Queensferry side of the Forth there is an extensive workshop, with all requisite machinery. Here were the drawings and models of every detail, from these the plates of steel were cut to the exact size, and bent, where necessary, to the required shape. The rivet holes were made, so that the plate had only to be sent to the spot it was intended for and riveted on to its place. The columns which stand on the granite piers were begun at the base, and built up bit by bit, just as a house is built, but, instead of stone by stone, it was, in this instance, plate by plate. As the four columns went up, the girders which held them in position grew with them. The projecting cantilevers on each side were afterwards made in

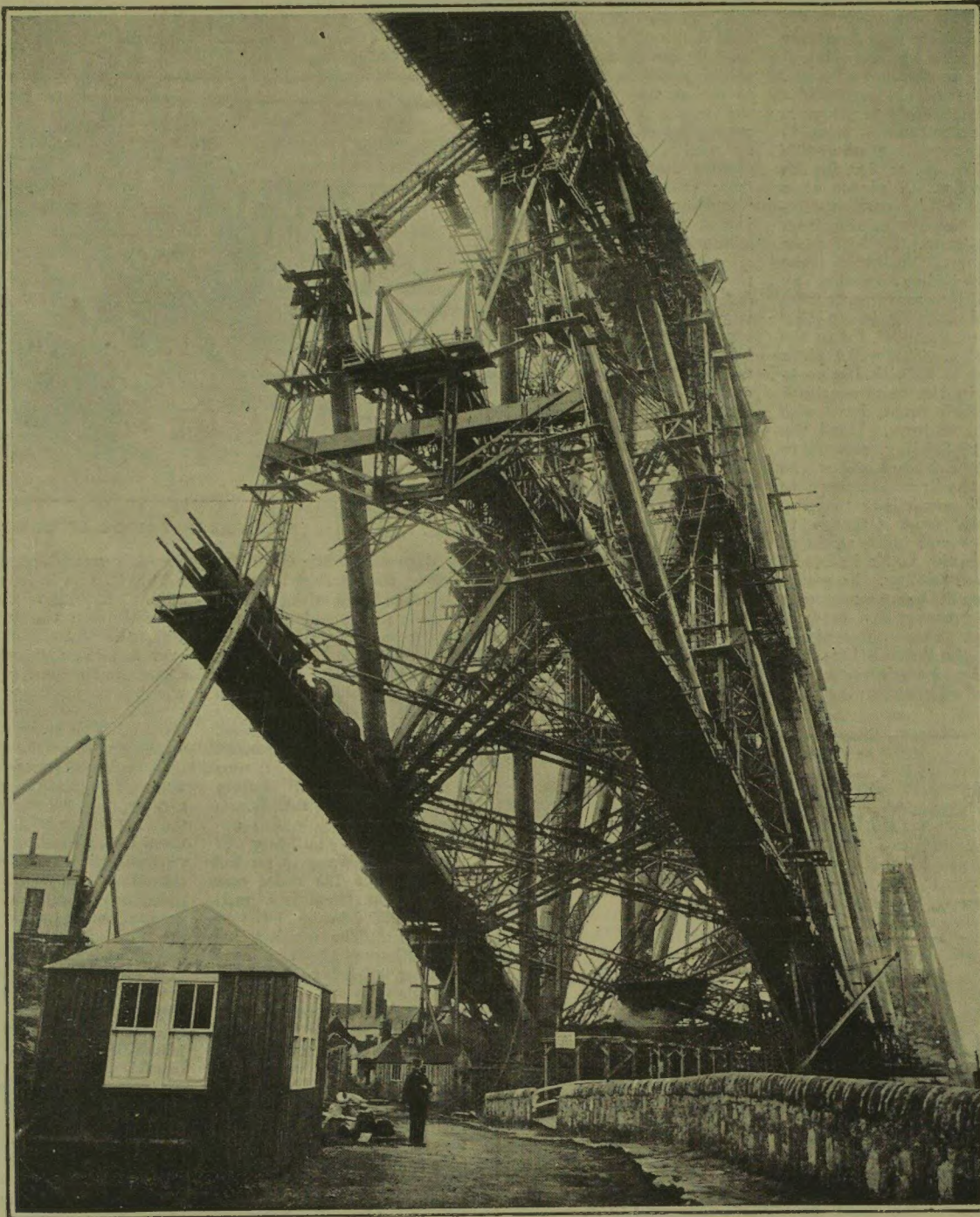
the same manner, plate by plate was added, the giant arms slowly stretched out in opposite directions, and the growth continued till part met part, and the mammoth structure at last stands complete. It seems to have risen, Aphrodite-like, out of the sea. Engineering works usually come into existence shrouded in an immensity of scaffolding. With the Forth Bridge scaffolding was unnecessary. It was this condition that made construction a possibility. The great tubular columns were commenced on the piers, and a circular cage was arranged that surrounded the tube in which the men could work, and this was pushed up as the tube grew. In other places small platforms, like trays with railings round them, were suspended and moved along as the work advanced; and by these simple means the men could work with perfect safety. Where so many men were employed, accidents from falling did occur, but the greatest source of danger was from articles, such as rivets or pieces of metal, falling from the higher parts of the works. There were cranes to raise the various materials required, and lifts by which the men were taken up and down to their work. It may be stated that every bit of work on this bridge has

been done with all possible care and attention; nothing has been scamped. The whole structure is of the very best Siemens-Martin Steel, from the Steel Company's Works at Glasgow and the Landore Works in South Wales. It is calculated that if the whole of the plates which have been used were laid down end to end they would extend to a distance of forty-two miles. From a rough estimate it is supposed that about nine million of rivets have been absorbed, 25,000 a week being occasionally worked up; most of them being put in by means of a hydraulic riveting machine, which in a second or so finishes the rivet by pressure, and without the usual hammering. As the permanent stability of the bridge will depend on the use of paint, the surface to be gone over is so great that a corps of men will be kept constantly employed. A calculation in connection with this has been made, but more particularly with the object of knowing the surface presented to the action of the wind. It may be remembered that it was a wind-storm that destroyed the Tay Bridge. A wind-gauge was set up on the top of the old keep at Inch Garvie, which is shown in the Illustration; and already the bridge has passed through the ordeal of a storm that blew down houses on the coast of the firth. The expansion and contraction of such an extent of metal from the variation between the heat of summer and winter has been most carefully gone into and arranged for. It is impossible here to detail all the many devices, and even entirely new inventions, which the construction of such a new engineering work has rendered necessary. It is understood that many of them are due to Mr. Arrol, of the firm of Tancred, Arrol, and Co., the contractors. The Parliamentary sanction for the bridge was obtained in 1873; but the design took so much consideration that it was not till 1882 that the first works connected with it were begun. It is so well known that Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker are the engineers that it need scarcely be stated here. Mr. F. E. Cooper, M.I.C.E., is the resident engineer.

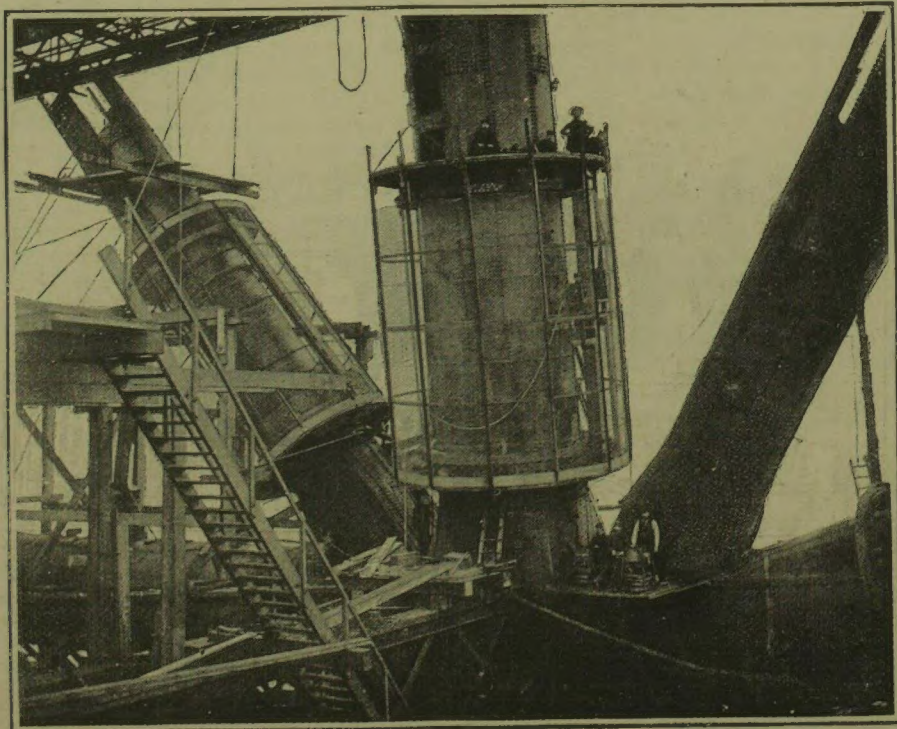
As the Eiffel Tower is now so well known and so much talked about, a slight comparison of it with the Forth Bridge may be interesting. The tower is 1000 ft.

high; if the Forth Bridge were put up on end it would be 5280 ft. in height. The tower has in its construction 7500 tons of iron; the bridge has 53,000 tons of the best steel. The tower was made in about six months; the bridge has required seven years. These figures tell their own tale of comparative size and work. The Eiffel Tower is a wonderful thing; but, then, how much more wonderful is the Forth Bridge!

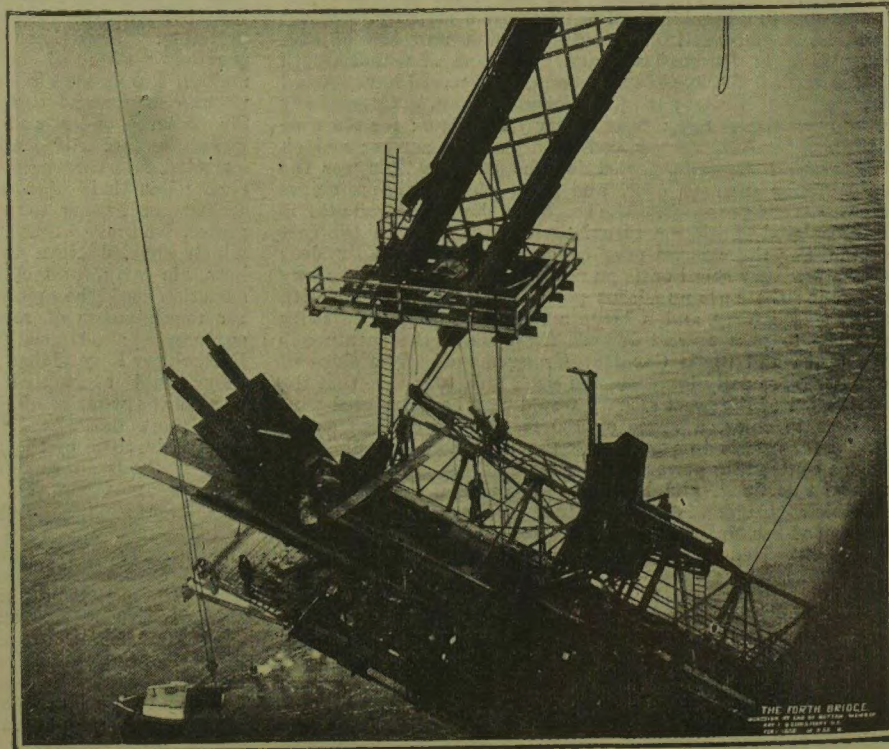
Lord Hopetoun was entertained by a representative assemblage of Scotch noblemen and gentlemen to a farewell dinner in the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, on Oct. 4, previous to his departure for Victoria, of which colony he has been appointed Governor. His Lordship was presented with an album, containing the names of those present, and a casket made of wood from a house belonging to the Hope family in the Canongate of Edinburgh. On the 5th his Lordship was presented with an address from the inhabitants of the county of Linlithgow, the Presbytery of Linlithgow, and the miners of Broxburn. The Countess of Hopetoun was also presented with an elegant gold brooch in the form of a horseshoe.



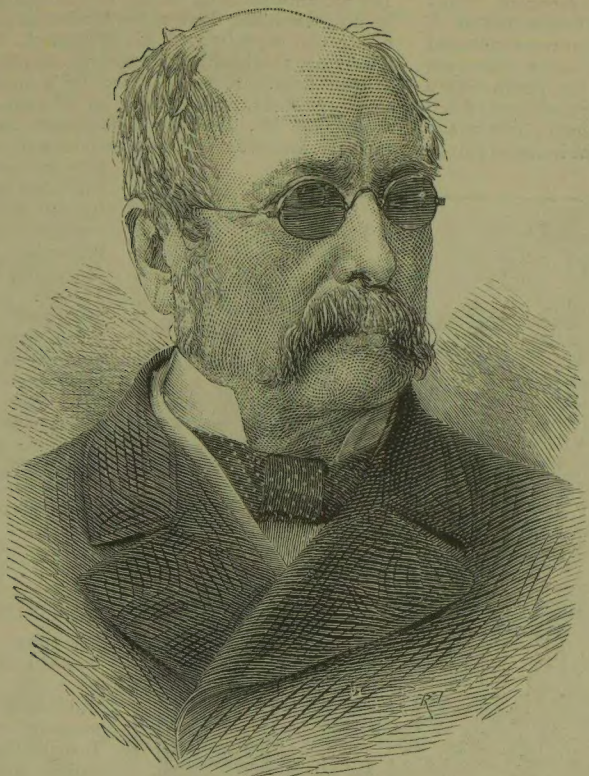
THE FORTH BRIDGE: MAIN PIER, FROM THE NORTH END (JULY, 1888).



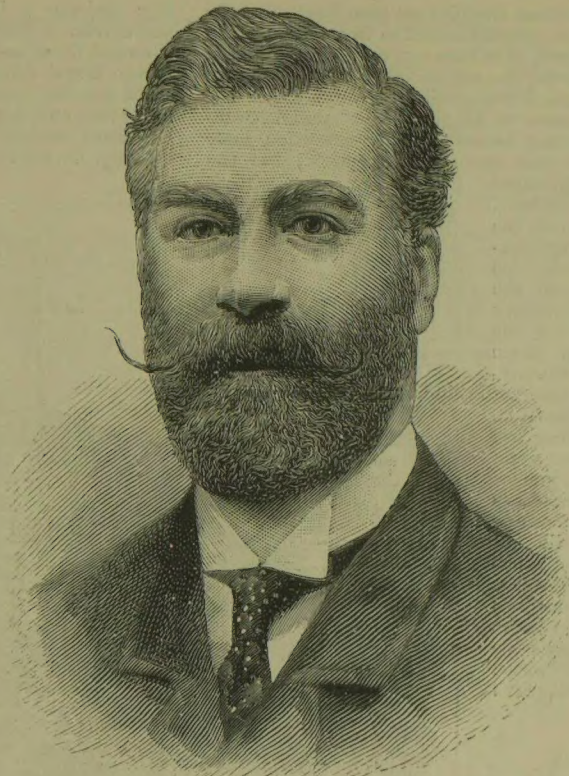
THE FORTH BRIDGE: RIVETING ON GARVIE PIER.



JUNCTION AT THE END OF BOTTOM MEMBER, BAY 1, QUEENSFERRY, N.E.



THE LATE SIR W. TINDAL ROBERTSON, M.P., M.D.



THE LATE MR. MICHAEL WATSON.

THE LATE SIR W. TINDAL ROBERTSON.

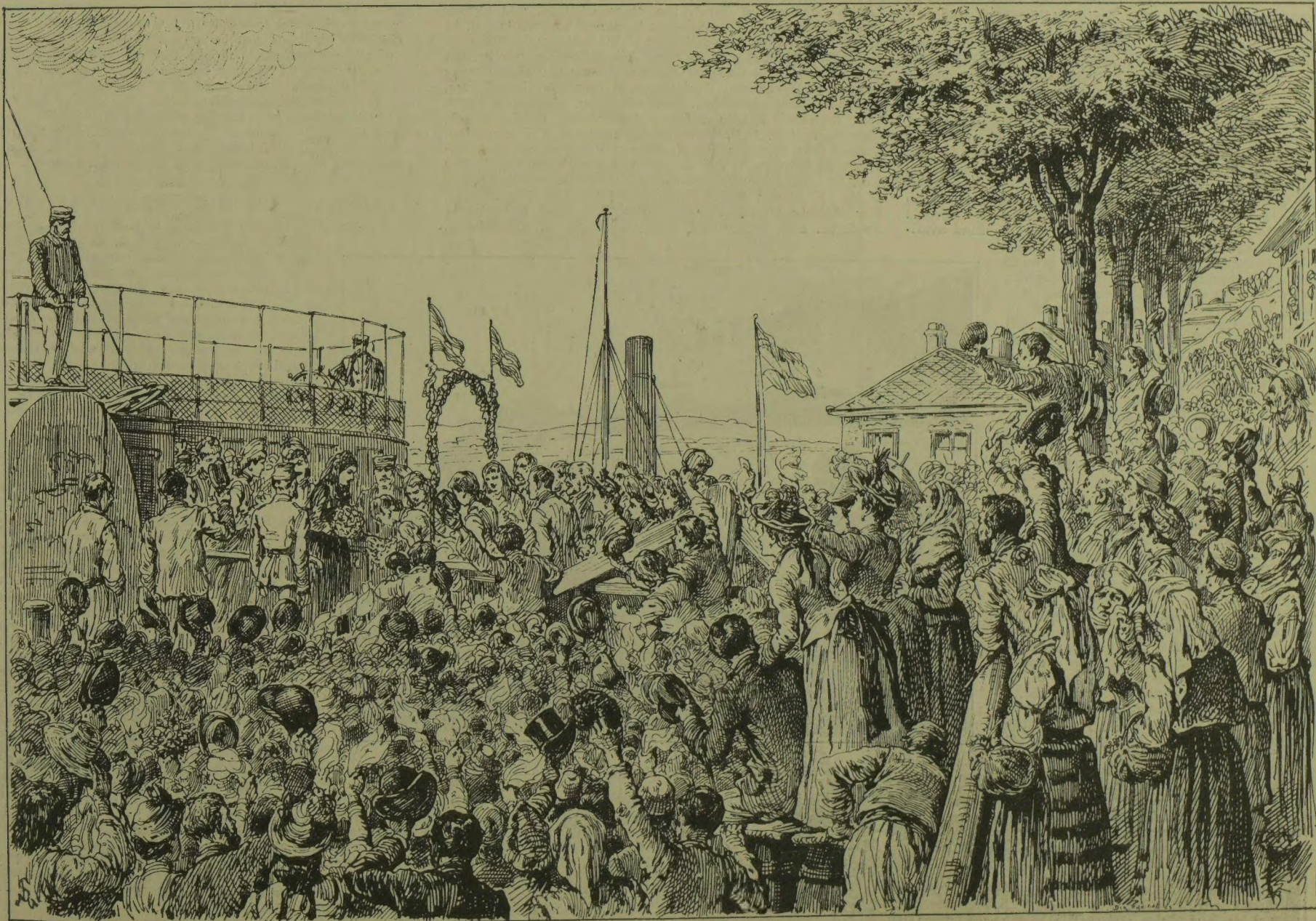
The death of this gentleman, at Brighton, on Sunday, Oct. 6, from a wound in the throat, self-inflicted by a razor while suffering from temporary insanity, has excited much regret and compassion. He was one of the most active and useful borough magistrates for that town, a member of the Town Council, and in 1886 was elected one of the representatives of Brighton in Parliament. Born in 1825, eldest son of the late Mr. Frederick Fowler Robertson, of Grantham, he was educated for the medical profession, studying at University College, London, and, after serving as junior medical officer at the Middlesex Hospital, took his degree of M.D. in 1846, at the University of Edinburgh. In 1873 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and began to practise at Brighton in 1876. He took a leading part in politics, and was Chairman of the Brighton Conservative and Constitutional

Association until his unopposed election as M.P. for that constituency. Having unfortunately become blind, he was appointed one of the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry on the condition of the blind, deaf, and dumb, to which inquiry he rendered such great services that, in 1888, he was rewarded with the honour of knighthood. He married, in 1855, a daughter of Mr. John Leavers, of Nottingham, and had a family. During several months past he was in bad health and liable to fits of hypochondriasis, and was latterly accustomed to take a sleeping draught. It was shown by the evidence at the inquest that, while in this afflicted state, he could not be responsible for his actions. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was in accordance with these facts. At the Brighton police-court, on the day after Sir W. Tindal Robertson's death, the presiding stipendiary magistrate spoke with much feeling of this great loss to the town, and of the public and private character of the deceased, who was held in general esteem.

THE LATE MR. MICHAEL WATSON.

Mr. Michael Watson, who died on Oct. 3, at his residence in East Dulwich, had gained some reputation as a composer of songs, anthems, trios, and duets. He was son of a professor of music at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was born in 1839. He began life as a student, at the Old School of Design at Marlborough House, but subsequently adopted his father's profession. Many of his earlier compositions appeared under the pseudonym of "Jules Favre." At the time of his death he was engaged upon two sacred cantatas and a comedy-opera.

Baginton Hall, near Coventry, the Warwickshire seat of Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., was on Oct. 7 destroyed by fire. The house was occupied by Mr. Sugden Armitage, Mr. Bromley-Davenport having ceased to reside there since the death of his father.



QUEEN NATALIE OF SERBIA ARRIVING AT BELGRADE.

QUEEN NATALIE AT BELGRADE.

The matrimonial and political troubles between Queen Natalie and King Milan of Serbia, who abdicated in favour of his son Alexander, a boy of thirteen, have been revived by the divorced Queen's arrival at Belgrade, the capital city, in opposition to the wishes of the Servian Government. On Sept. 29, in the afternoon, her Majesty came to Belgrade by a special steamboat on the river, having announced her intention some days beforehand. There was no official reception; but the landing-stage and the principal streets were thronged with people, who cheered the Queen with the greatest enthusiasm. King Alexander was not present at his mother's arrival, nor were the Regents, Ministers, or military authorities. In spite of this, the city was decorated with flags, and in the evening was illuminated. Queen Natalie was the guest of Madame Buchewitch. She visited the young King, her son, next day in private, and received the visits of some of the foreign diplomatic residents at Belgrade; but the German and Turkish Ministers did not visit her. It is announced that the Servian Regency and Cabinet have broken off their discussions with Queen Natalie. The scene when she drove past the "Konak," or Government Palace, is shown in one of our Artist's Sketches.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Some extraordinary rifle-shooting is recorded in the official results of the weekly "shoot" of the North London Rifle Club. Under Queen's Prize third stage conditions (ten shots at 800 and 900 yards with the Martini-Henry), Sergeant Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, and last year's Queen's Prize-man, made the aggregate of 94 points out of the possible 100.

The annual prize meeting of the Honourable Artillery Company was held at the Park Range, near Tottenham, on Oct. 4. The members were placed in three classes. In the first competition the first prize, presented by the Fitzroy Lodge, was won by Private Gilbert. In the next competition the first prize, presented by Major Mainwaring Jones, was won by Colour-Sergeant Brooking. The aggregate prizes were decided by the best scores of the competition, Colour-Sergeant Brooking taking the first, of fifteen guineas, presented by Colonel Viscount De Vesci. The championship and gold jewel of the regiment, with five guineas, presented by Lord Colville of Culross (president of the Hon. Artillery Company), was won by Sergeant Wood, of the Light Cavalry.

A meeting of commanding officers of metropolitan Volunteer corps was held on Oct. 4, at the offices of the Home Counties Volunteer Forces Institute, Bedford-street, Strand, to consider by what means the great services rendered to the Volunteers by the Lord Mayor can best be acknowledged.

A committee of officers of the London Irish Rifles, appointed "for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions, convenient ground, and for making other necessary arrangements for the erection of a suitable headquarters," has issued an appeal for funds. The regiment, which was organised in 1859, is recruited almost entirely from the working classes, and there is no entrance fee or annual subscription payable by efficient members, the capitation grant is the only regular fund available for the maintenance of the corps, and even this is insufficient. The lease of the present inadequate headquarters in King William-street, Strand, expires in two years, when the building will be taken over for the enlargement of Charing-cross Hospital, so that something will have to be done. Her Majesty has subscribed £25, the Prince of Wales £10, and the Duke of Connaught £25. The officers have guaranteed £2000, and the non-commissioned officers and men have collected £167 8s. 6d. The hon. secretary of the committee is Major E. G. Lloyd.

THE BURST GUN OF H.M.S. AJAX.

The Court of Inquiry ordered by the Admiralty to assemble at Chatham to investigate the circumstances attending the recent explosion of a shell on board the Ajax, commanded by Captain R. H. Boyle, during the recent manoeuvres, has concluded its investigation. The inquiry was a thoroughly exhaustive one, and was conducted by the Captains of the Excellent, gunnery-ship, and the Vernon, torpedo school-ship. The shell which exploded weighed just over 800 lb. It was about to be fired from one of the 33-ton guns of the Ajax; but, before it could be discharged, it suddenly exploded, without, happily, causing any injury to life. It was clearly ascertained during the inquiry that the occurrence was purely accidental, arising from some defect in the time-fuse of the shell. The Ajax will be furnished with another 33-ton gun, and will make good defects before leaving Chatham for her station in the Clyde. Rear-Admiral Robert Scott, in the *Times* of Oct. 8, explains how the construction of our heavy naval ordnance makes the guns liable to burst from their own projectiles.

The Queen has given £50 to King's College Hospital, in this its fiftieth year of existence.

The following American breweries have paid interim dividends—namely, Hill's Union at the rate of 12½ per cent, and the Detroit at 15 per cent per annum.

In the competition for open scholarships in Natural Science at St. Thomas's Hospital, the first, value 125 guineas, has been awarded to Mr. T. G. Nicholson, and the second, value £60, to Mr. A. E. Russell.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health, and takes frequent walks and drives. Princess Frederica arrived at the Castle on Oct. 3. Viscount Cross and Lieutenant-Colonel A. Collins were included in the Royal dinner party. Afterwards Monsieur Johannes Wolff had the honour of playing selections on the violin before the Queen and Royal family. The ladies and gentlemen of the household, including Dr. Profeit, joined the Royal circle in the evening. On the 4th Madame Albani-Gye had the honour of sing-

LADIES' GOLF AT ST. ANDREWS.

The autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club was held in the latter days of September at the St. Andrews Links, under the captaincy of Sir Robert A. Dalyell of Lingo, and nearly all the leading amateur golf-players of Scotland were in the field. King William IV.'s medal was won by Mr. Leslie Balfour, with a score of 87 strokes, and the club gold medal by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, an ex-champion; Mr. Balfour also won the George Glennie medal. The lady golf-players, on Sept. 26, competed for three handsome prizes given by Sir Robert Dalyell. Fifty-seven couples entered, and the following was the result: Miss Mary Ord Logan, 116, less 12—104, tied with Miss Bethune, 102, plus 2—104, for the first prize. On playing off, Miss Logan won the first prize, Miss Bethune won the second, Miss Mercer, 113, less 8—105, tied for the third prize with Miss J. J. Boyd, 105. On playing off, Miss Boyd won with the score of 48. Our Artist made sketches of the lady golf-players engaged in this match.

A STRIKE OF SCHOOLBOYS.

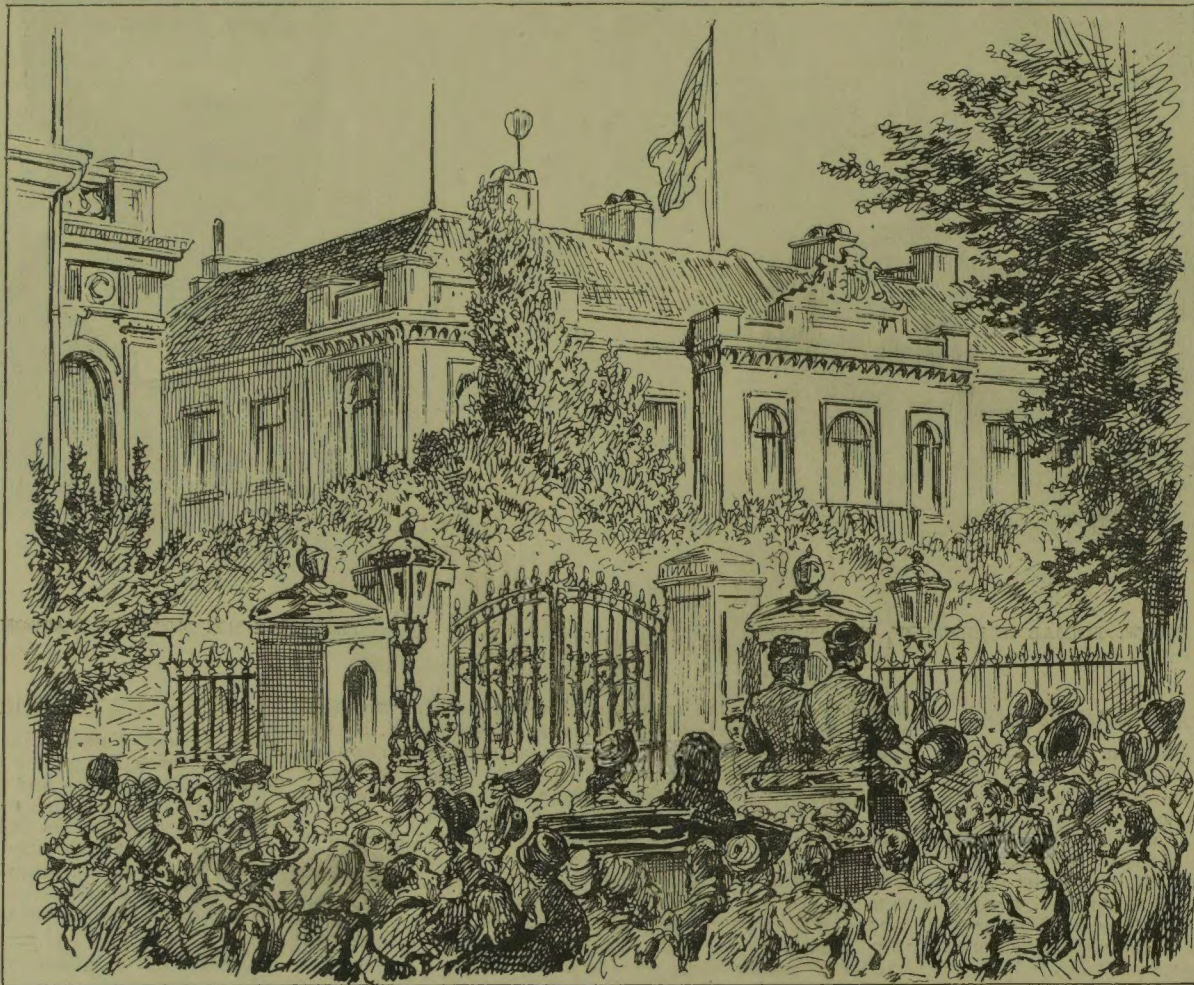
The town of Barnet, near London, was disturbed on Friday, Oct. 4, by the misbehaviour of a number of boys attending the elementary schools—not the Board schools, but those maintained on the "Voluntary" system, especially that connected with Christ Church. These boys had, the evening before, held a "meeting," and decided to strike in the event of non-compliance with their demands, which were—abolition of the cane, less hours in school, less parsing, and no home lessons. Some of them made a practical protest by going in late on Friday morning, and after their release from morning lessons they proceeded to the National schools in Wood-street, and, having induced a few stragglers to join them, paraded Bell's Hill and New-road and the streets of West Barnet during the dinner-hour, and created a great uproar by shouting, cheering, and beating tin kettles. The number of them was from eighty to a hundred, joined by rough youths, who had either outgrown their schooldays or belonged to the class which rarely attends school at all, the Elementary Education Act notwithstanding. The school mentioned is well known as one of the best in the neighbourhood, and the head-master is a most popular teacher, who does not find it necessary to resort to corporal punishment to maintain his command. The ringing of the school bell did not bring the children to their accustomed places as usual. The lads marched through the streets in the direction of Hadley, but at about 2.30 the scholars returned to lessons in response to a message from the head-master. The lads considered that the calling in of the boys justified them in throwing stones at the school windows, and insulting the teachers. We hear of similar silly "strikes" of schoolboys at Edinburgh and Dundee, Cardiff, Middlesbrough, and West Hartlepool, even in the Board schools.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

We have so often been called upon, in past years, to announce the last, and the very last, and positively the last of this magnificent but generally useless ship, which has lingered on, through an obscure and profitless existence, since her single voyages to New York, New Orleans, and Melbourne proved a commercial failure, that our illustration of the stranded hull on the Mersey shore, ready to be broken up for a few thousand pounds' worth of old iron, may seem but a reminiscence of the fate repeatedly declared to be imminent and commonly believed to be past. It is thirty years since she first put to sea from the Thames, and her passage down the Channel was marred by a shocking disaster—from the blow-up of part of her steam-apparatus, which cost ten lives; but the laborious efforts to launch this enormous "Leviathan," as she was at first called, in 1857, from Mr. Scott Russell's building-yard at Millwall, had been ominous of ill-success; men were killed by the breaking of the gear attached to hydraulic engines, that slowly pushed her broadside on into the comparatively narrow river; and Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, dying a few days afterwards, was thought to be a victim of sore anxiety and severe disappointment. One serviceable and honourable performance, the laying of an Atlantic telegraph cable in 1866, is set down to the credit of the Great Eastern; but experience has shown that vessels of moderate size can do such work quite as well. It is a sad chapter in the history of marine architecture, and some people must have lost, at one time and another, nearly a million sterling altogether by this immense mistake. The Great Eastern might, perhaps, have been converted into a very commodious floating hotel, moored in some tranquil bay; she could never have been a good sea-going ship, or competed in speed, comfort, or safety with the admirable "liners" of recent construction. Her engines, indeed, were manifestly of insufficient power, and she rolled grievously for lack of a keel. The dimensions of this big ship were 691 ft. length, 83 ft. width, and 60 ft. depth; capacity, 22,500 tons burden.

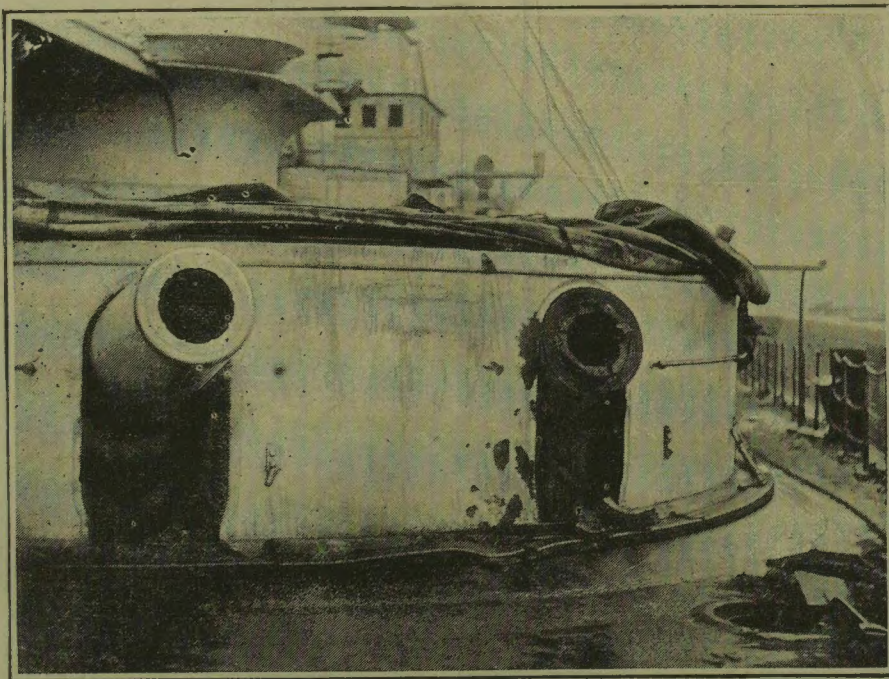
The Portrait of the late Sir W. Tindal Robertson, M.P., is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Parker-street.

Lord Walsingham has let his seat in Norfolk, with its splendid shooting, to Baron Hirsch for five weeks, the price paid for it being £4000.



THE KONAK OR GOVERNMENT PALACE, BELGRADE: QUEEN NATALIE PASSING.

ing before the Queen and Royal family, and, together with Mr. Gye and Miss Gye and Mlle. La Jeunesse, remained at the Castle for luncheon. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife dined with the Queen on the 5th. In the evening her Majesty, with Princess Frederica, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife), the Duke of Fife, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, witnessed a theatrical representation, in which Princess Beatrice and some of the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household took part. The following were invited and received by the Queen after the performance: The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Mrs. Cooper, Mr. Bertram Innes Kerr, the Hon. Lady Biddulph, Miss Biddulph, Madame d'Arcos, Mrs. Edmund Vaughan, Lieutenant-Colonel G. L. Money, Lieutenant Hon. A. D. Murray, and Lieutenant H. R. Lumsden, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 6th, by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Royal household. Her Majesty afterwards went out, accompanied by Princess Frederica and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg.



THE BURST GUN ON BOARD H.M.S. AJAX.

Prince Louis of Battenberg arrived at the Castle. In the afternoon the Queen drove to Abergeldie with Princess Frederica, and visited the ex-Empress Eugénie. On the 7th Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. In the evening the Queen, with Princess Frederica and Prince Henry and Prince Louis of Battenberg, was present at a repetition of theatrical performance. The Queen posted from Balmoral to Mar Lodge on the 8th in an open carriage. The weather was cold and wet, snow-showers sweeping along the distant hills. Her Majesty stayed to luncheon with the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Prince Louis of Battenberg has been appointed to the post of Commander of her Majesty's cruiser Scout, replacing Commander C. J. M. Conybeare, whose term of office has expired.

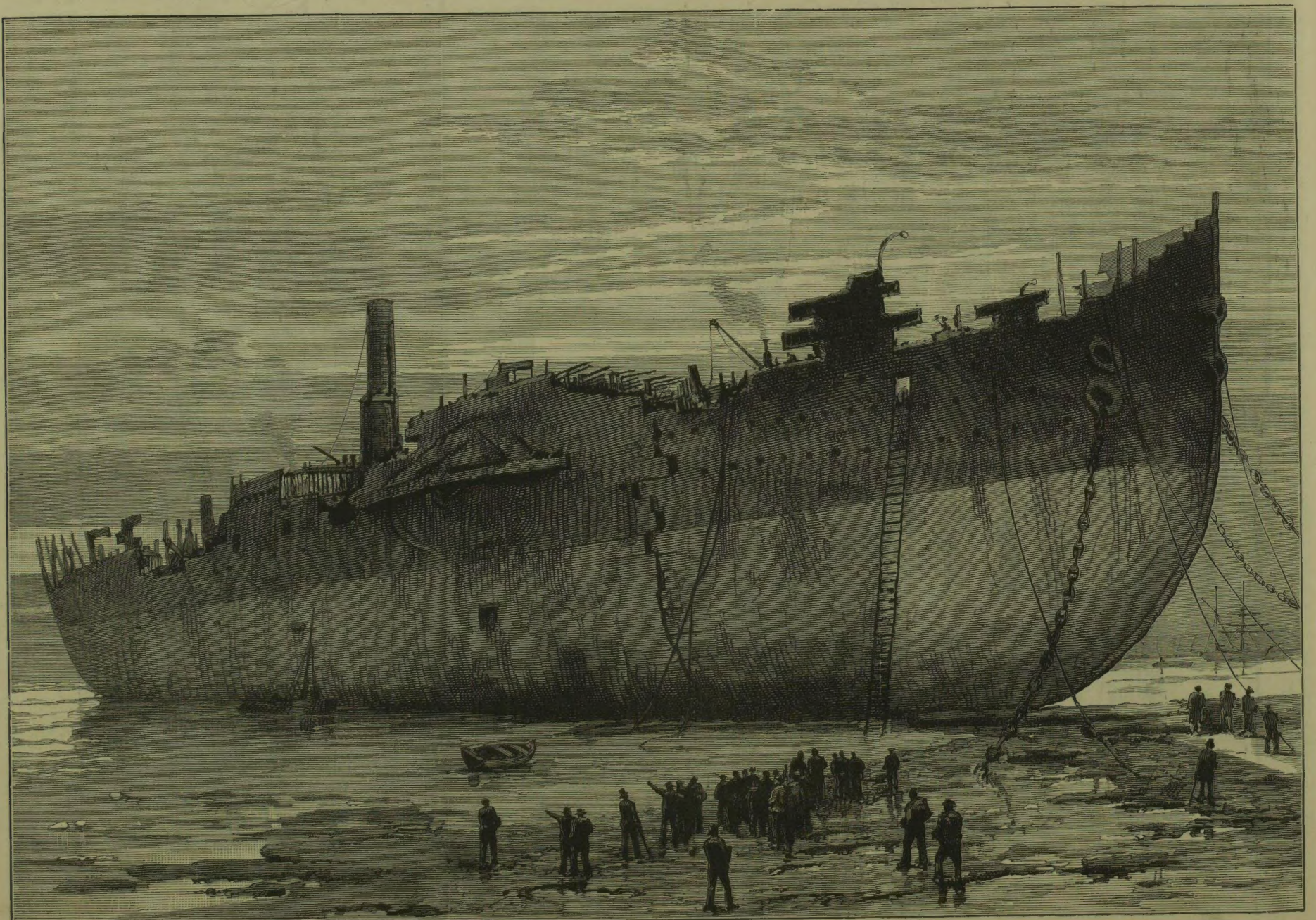


1. A Start. 2. A Veteran Golfer. 3. Lookers On. 4. A Final Link. 5. Sir Robert Dalyell giving the Prizes. 6. A Beginner. 7. General View of the Ground.

THE ST. ANDREWS LADIES' GOLF CLUB.



SCHOOL BOYS ON STRIKE.



THE LAST OF THE GREAT EASTERN AT NEW FERRY, ON THE MERSEY.



THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

The second exhibition of the society which is now open at the New Gallery is sufficient evidence that the idea put forward by the committee has met with ready reception by an increasing body of employers and workmen. The enlarged accommodation of the New Gallery does not more than suffice to give proper prominence to the thousand and more objects brought together. The most satisfactory feature, however, of the exhibition is, perhaps, that it is becoming more obviously the rallying-point of numerous co-operative bodies, which probably owe their existence to the views set forth by some of the more active among its promoters. Thus we have, this year, the Guild and School of Handicraft, of which the seat is in Whitechapel, contributing metal-work, copper and iron, designs on vellum, carved and ornamented woodwork, and decorative work in gesso; the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, which especially devotes itself to hammered metal-work; the School of Art Wood-Carving and that of Art Needlework, showing what South Kensington is capable of producing; the Working Ladies' Guild and the Decorative Needlework Society, opening up fresh fields of remunerative labour for women; the Aller Vale Pottery Company and Home Industry Agency, and the Home Arts Class (Leighton Buzzard), showing what may be effected in purely agricultural districts under proper guidance and with some little patience. To these must also be added the Ruskin Linen Industry at Keswick; the Jewish School of Embroidery at Rome, presided over by Mrs. Somerset Burchall; and the various lace-making communities in the convents and villages of Ireland, of which the two cases in the West Gallery render such a satisfactory account. Here, then, are associated bodies or guilds of craftsmen and craftsmen anxious to improve their opportunities, and it is to such that this society is rendering practical service in bringing under public notice the products of their handicrafts.

If we turn from this general point of view to notice a few of the more prominent specimens of the year's exhibition, we are struck by the greater breadth of taste and treatment which marks the selection of works. It is impossible to say that the suggestion of "cliquism" is wholly absent from the galleries; but it is far less marked than last year, and, after all, a standard which has done so much to raise public taste must be allowed to have some influence in forming its "period." It is through the "Morris" or pseudo-Oriental period that we have been passing for some time, and our houses are the prettier for the "revival," and we may hope that our workmen are the better for the interest displayed in it. It is, therefore, with no regret that we find Mr. W. Morris abundantly represented in the present exhibition. His stuffs are rich and soft in colour; his papers are well covered and pleasant for the eye to rest upon; and his woodwork, although often fanciful, is, on the whole, far more applicable to daily use than that of many of his competitors. From his works at Hammersmith and Merton he produces almost everything necessary for the internal fitting and decoration of a house, and, while actively co-operating with and encouraging his workmen by example as well as precept, he readily gives to each his due, whether of design or of execution. His example is followed by another great firm, which, in the product of exquisitely beautiful and at the same time thoroughly good work, occupies as prominent a position—the glass and iron work of Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars. There are happily other firms who now admit ungrudgingly their workmen to the credit their designs or craftsmanship may obtain; and we should be surprised if this recognition of the workman's share in the products of his firm did not go far to bring back some of that personal pride in good work which distinguished the members of the mediæval guilds.

The purely decorative work comprises designs for panels, friezes, cartoons for mural decorations; the application of gesso and other compositions; and wood-work. In this branch Mr. Walter Crane displays remarkably prolific power, but we are not prepared to admit that he is invariably successful in producing pleasing results. For example, in "The Dance" (90), a frieze panel in gesso, on plaster, tinted with lacquer, the angles formed by the dancers' arms and bodies are far too regular and too sharp to be pleasant objects for a length of time; while the "Thought-reading" (86) and an "Interlude" (89) are merely conventional studies of last-century costumes adapted to the manners and customs of present-day society. Mr. David Gow's "Iris" (271), a decorative panel, outlined in oils and stained in water-colours, is on the other hand, an even more novel idea, with a touch of real gracefulness which belongs to all time. Mr. Woolecroft Rhead's decorative painting in oils (4), apparently designed for a music-room, is well filled and richly coloured; but it is hardly equal in strength of design to Mr. N. H. Westlake's study (11) for an altarpiece at Ashton Makerfield, in which the artist seems to have caught some of the religious feeling of mediæval times.

In articles of ordinary furniture—by which we mean tables, chairs, couches, and the like—the exhibition is not very rich; and it is easy to understand that trade jealousies interfere especially in this branch, and render employers especially unwilling to reveal the names of their best and most promising craftsmen. Mr. Stephen Webb's small cabinets (274-6), inlaid with ivory, are marked by great taste and much minute work; but they hardly belong to the category of ordinary furniture. The School of Art Wood-Carving exhibits, too, a pianoforte in carved walnut (284), which is exceedingly interesting as evidence of what excellent and thorough work is being done by this institution. Messrs. H. and J. Cooper's music cabinet (267) in cedar and walnut, with nickel-plated mounts, is almost too fastidious in its details; but it at least shows a sense of beauty which is not always present in some of these complicated arrangements. Messrs. W. Morris and Messrs. Hindley and Sons are among the firms who send representative work, but nothing which need call for special or detailed notice, as in their own show-rooms they have objects of far greater interest and utility.

It is in metal-work especially that the advance of English craftsmen is most noticeable; and, in so far as the objects produced are those of pure luxury, no difficulty is thrown in the way of workmen by their employers. Mr. W. A. Benson, who will be recognised as pre-eminently among those who combined in artistic designs copper and brass, is one of the few who condescend to use their taste in the production of articles of everyday life, such as urns, tea-kettles, lamp-stands, and brackets. In each and all he displays far more originality and inventiveness than the majority of his fellow-artists—and he does not, like so many of them, content himself with servilely copying or discreetly adopting models and designs of mediæval metal-workers. Nearly all his exhibits are to be found in the entrance-hall, where they can be conveniently compared with the work of Messrs. Barclay and Singer, both of whom produce objects of a similar nature, the pedestal lamp (783) in wrought iron and bronze, exhibited by the latter firm, being especially noteworthy.

Among the specimens of repoussé work, whether in copper or brass, the idea of imitating German and Italian models seems to have taken a firm hold of all workers, professional or amateur. Mr. J. Williams, who executes the design of Mr. F. Inigo

Thomas for the Guild and School of Handicraft, sends a fine heraldic plaque (63) in repoussé copper; but Mr. J. Pearson, who belongs to the same body, both designs and executes his own work, of which there are some interesting specimens in the West Gallery. Miss Laura Bray's pair of sconces (237) and Mr. J. W. Oddie's "Ship of Fortune" (259), and other works, are likewise deserving of high commendation. The Keswick School of Industrial Arts also turns out good work, but it bears too little evidence of original thought of design, unless we except from this general complaint a tea-tray in hammered copper, "Japanese Peony," designed by Mrs. H. Rawnsley, to whom, if we are not mistaken, the school owes much of its success, if not its actual existence. But among the metal-work, if we put aside as *hors concours* Sir F. Leighton's bronze cast of his study for "The Sluggard" (111), by far the most interesting exhibit is by Mr. J. D. Sedding of the upper part of a pulpit (851), with panels in bronze by Mr. R. A. Ledward. Not only are the figures—which are in high relief—most skillfully executed, but there is in their conception and arrangement more than ordinary feeling and harmony. If the Arts and Crafts Society does nothing more than the placing of architects and skilled craftsmen in various branches in immediate relation, there is some hope of our modern buildings, public and private, and their contents being rescued from the hands of that most unsatisfactory "middleman" the contractor; and Mr. Sedding's direct relation with his worker in bronze is an instance in point. We should also mention Mr. C. H. H. Macartney's design for a lantern clock in brass (176), executed by Miss Augusta Smith, Miss Agnes Cooper's mirror in pewter (230), and Mr. Cobden Sanderson's fanciful fender in wrought iron (307), executed by Mr. Frederick Jackson.

If in metal-work ladies compete, and often on equal terms, with men, both in designs and execution, the same friendly rivalry cannot, as might have been anticipated, be traced in the art of bookbinding. Here, however, we find the amateur far outpacing his professional teachers and brethren; but the trade need be under no apprehension, for Mr. Cobden Sanderson stands in this branch "superior and alone." The case (104) containing specimens of his work in morocco, designed, bound, and tooled by his own hand, is a surprising example of what perseverance, combined with a true sense of beauty, may effect. If we contrast this work with that of the other exhibitors—Messrs. Stoakley, Messrs. Zaehnsdorf, and Mr. R. De Coverley—we cannot fail to be struck by the wide distance which separates amateur (if for the sake of distinction he will permit us to call him) from the ordinary "art" bookbinders. The boldness of Mr. Cobden Sanderson's designs, the easy flow of his lines, and the taste displayed in the arrangement of comparatively simple decorations, are characteristics which ought to have their influence upon fellow-workers and to establish "a period" in English bookbinding of which future times will take especial note. Miss L. M. Forster's work in damped cowhide, Miss Annie Harris's embossed leather, and the work of the Leighton-Buzzard Home Arts class, all united in one case (107), are also well deserving of notice.

In the domain of needlework women are practically let alone by the men, and the art world seems none the worse—either from the point of execution or design. In fact, we doubt if any man would ever have conceived such a work as Miss Anstruther Thomson's wall decoration (240), which she describes as in "appliqué stuffs," but which, to ordinary eyes, seems rather the adaptation of old rags to a very remarkable purpose. The subject of the decoration (which is in high relief) is a file of Moors led by a fanatic, and consists of upwards of a dozen horsemen and as many more men on foot, in every conceivable attitude of eager excitement, watchful hesitancy, and noisy discussion. Each figure and each horse is full of life, action, and variety, and one wonders how such really surprising effects can be obtained out of such very humble materials. We should be sorry to see our drawing-rooms invaded by weak imitations of Miss Thomson's work, but the success she has achieved shows what can be done within "the home circle." Mrs. Newall's embroidered curtains (281), Mrs. Walter Crane's "Crawling-Rug" (311), and Miss Marshall's firescreen (345), taken from an ecclesiastical design, are all of them interesting objects; but the exhibits which in this branch will attract attention are those which bear some witness to the employment of women of the more necessitous classes. Among these the specimens of Celtic and Italian embroidery (352-41), exhibited by Mrs. Somerset Burchall, but executed by Jewish children in her Embroidery School at Rome, and the specimens of New Ross, Youghal, and similar lace (344) made by the nuns and associations of those places, and the still more delicate varieties of Limerick lace (364) known as Carriekmacross, Kenmare, and Glenshelan, bear abundant testimony to the efforts of Mr. Allan Cole and the South Kensington authorities in reviving an industry for which there are so many apt scholars. There are, too, in our own country numerous other societies, such as the Ruskin Linen Industry (355-60), the Decorative Needlework Society (367-75), and the Aller Home Industry Agency (348-51), whose products will repay attention. Of the other competitors in this class it is only possible to mention a few names, such as those of Miss Harriet Rowe, Miss E. Wetton, and Mr. Aymer Vallance.

In the South Gallery also will be found a miscellaneous assortment of objects, many of which indicate the extending scope of the Arts and Crafts Society's work. Mr. G. Cave France, for instance, contributes some elegant designs for necklace pendants and other articles of jewellery; Miss Mary Arnold, Miss Heinrich, Miss Alice Scholfield, and others, a number of cameos (604, 605), many of which show great neatness of execution; Messrs. Britten and Wilson, some good specimens of stained glass; Messrs. J. Powell and Co., an interesting application of glass mosaics (529-32); and no one should leave this gallery without pausing to look at Mr. George Homfray's carved frame in American walnut (571); Miss E. C. Samson's walnut panel (579), representing children and a goat; a door panel carved in oak (586), by Mr. J. Phillips; and walnut panel (584), by Miss Maria E. Reeks, from a design produced at the School of Art Wood-Carving.

We have not exhausted half the works of interest to be found in the present exhibition; but we trust we have shown that it is composed of objects of which the committee may well be satisfied, and we trust that the success of their present display will encourage them to continue their work.

The committee who, under the presidency of the Queen, have undertaken to collect pictures and objects of interest connected with the Royal House of Tudor, would be glad to receive from the possessors any undoubted relics of the period. There are some parts of England—perhaps the more remote ones—where many personal memorials of the dynasty are to be found, and it is hoped that their owners will come forward in the same generous spirit which characterised the supporters of the Stuart exhibition. All communications should be addressed to the Hon. Harold Dillon, F.S.A., the New Gallery, 121, Regent-street, London.

ASCENT OF FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

The celebrated volcanic mountain called Fujiyama, which was regarded as the abode of a divinity in the ancient Japanese mythology, is visible in clear weather at distances of nearly a hundred miles on different sides. It is situated about seventy miles south-west of Yedo or Tokio, the present capital of the Mikado's kingdom; and, rising to a height of 12,400 ft., has the loftiest summit, though it is not the biggest altogether, of the numerous volcanic mountains in Japan. Nor is it still an active volcano, its last eruption having occurred in the year 1707. The Asama-yama, to the north-west of Tokio, has a crater 1000 ft. wide, constantly emitting smoke and steam; and that of Aso-san, in the southern island, Kiu-shiu, is of magnitude only surpassed by the volcanoes of Hawaii.

Sotemba, a village three hours by railway from Yokohama, is practically the starting-point for an ascent of Fujiyama. From Sotemba one has a "jinrik-sha" drive of two hours, through a sufficiently pretty country, to Subashiri, when the vehicle has to be dismissed, and pack-horses substituted, until the station of Makayeshi, or Umagaishi, an hour farther on, is reached, when one must alight and proceed on foot, no other method of ascending this sacred mountain being allowed by the Japanese.

It is an easy ascent, the party of seven with which our correspondent went up, three being ladies, doing the whole of the walking part—that is, from Umagaishi to the summit, in eleven hours and twenty minutes, starting at half past four in the afternoon. After passing through about five miles of forest, they came suddenly on the bare ashes of the cone; and here a guide becomes useful, as the path, merely a smoothening of the lava by the sandalled feet of Japanese pilgrims, is very obscure, and in places quite undiscoverable. On the way up are ten rest-houses or stations, placed at almost equal distances apart, where one can sleep and, during the two months when the ascent is practicable, get such refreshment as is usually to be obtained in the country in Japan. The intention of this party was to get to the fifth station, and sleep there at night. This station they reached at eleven o'clock, and after some light refreshment, the coolies having brought on their baggage and provisions, they found little difficulty in sleeping, although their beds were composed of thin Japanese quilts and the bare boards of the floor. The fifth station is a small stone hut, roughly lined with plank, with a fireplace in the centre, on which pine-logs were burning cheerfully, but there was no chimney or outlet of any kind for the smoke. They were well above the clouds when the moon rose and formed one of the most beautiful pictures ever seen, preferable even in its quiet beauty to the almost startling glory of the sunrise, by which they were awakened at four o'clock the next morning. At half-past five they were again on the march, and at twenty minutes past ten they arrived at the summit of Fujiyama. It was fortunately a clear day, so the view was grand, but the wind was too bitterly cold to allow one fully to appreciate the beauty of the prospect. The crater of the volcano is partially filled with snow, which remains there all the year round, and has an exceedingly wild and desolate appearance, though not without a peculiar beauty of its own.

Fujiyama is ascended yearly by about five hundred Japanese and perhaps thirty foreigners. The Japanese consider it a sacred pilgrimage, and our correspondent met a good many of them, both going up and coming down, dressed in the quaintest variety of costumes.

We are indebted to Lieutenant Douglas F. Robinson, R.N., of H.M.S. Cordelia, at Yokohama, for the sketches we have engraved.

ART MAGAZINES.

Mr. David Croal Thomson continues his account of the life of Jean François Millet in the October number of the *Magazine of Art*. Among the engravings which illustrate it is an interesting portrait by the artist of himself in middle life. Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., contributes some remarks on artistic advertising, to which the editor adds a clear explanation of the law of Artistic Copyright. This issue contains the index to the yearly volume completed this month.

The *Art Journal* contains as frontispiece an etching by J. Grote of "The Knight's Dream," by Raphael, now in the National Gallery. Miss Emily Swinnerton contributes an account, illustrated by C. O. Murray, of Leicester's Hospital at Warwick, built by the munificence of Queen Elizabeth's Robert Dudley for the shelter of certain "impotent men," "disabled and decayed in the service of their country," and "not possessed of more than £5 a year." Mr. John Aldam Heaton continues his article on "Beauty in Colour and Form" from a former number; and Mr. Robert Walker writes an interesting paper on clubs in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The *Woman's World* for October contains an interesting article by "Leader Scott" on woman's dress in Florence, with sketches of some of the most graceful garments. Miss E. E. Dickinson contributes a short paper on wedding-chests, and Mr. Arthur Symonds another on Villiers de l'Isle Adam. There are also, of course, the usual articles on English and French fashions, and the entire number is profusely illustrated.

The new number of *Our Celebrities* contains excellent portraits of Lord Mayor Whitehead and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft.

The first number has just appeared of the *Cabinet Portrait Gallery*, with photographs by W. and D. Downey, published by Cassell and Co. It contains the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Sarah Bernhardt, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Board of Trade have awarded a gold medal for gallantry and humanity to Mr. Haim Amzalak, British Consular Agent at Jaffa, in recognition of his services in assisting to rescue the shipwrecked crew of the barque Thomas and Rebecca, of Sunderland, which stranded off Jaffa on December 10, 1874.

The annual North-Western Poor Law Conference was held in the Preston Guildhall on Oct. 4. Mr. J. T. Hibbert presiding. Delegates were present from the various Poor Law Unions, and for the first time ladies were admitted. The president referred to this fact as a proof of the growing interest which ladies took in Poor Law administration. The latest returns showed a substantial decrease in pauperism, Lancashire being lower than any other county. Papers were read on various subjects, including one on the "boarding out of pauper children," in which it was stated that there were now 270,000 pauper children in England and Wales.

The School of Art Wood-Carving, City and Guilds Institute, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, has been reopened after the usual summer vacation, and one or two free studentships in both the day and the evening classes are vacant. These studentships are maintained by means of funds granted to the school by the City and Guilds Institute. To bring the benefits of the school within the reach of artisans a remission of half-fees for the evening class is made to artisan students connected with the wood-carving trade. Forms of application for the free studentships, and any further particulars relating to the school, may be obtained from the manager.



Fujiyama

Subashiri

A glimpse of the Sea, from Umagaishi.

5th Rest House.

Snow near the Summit.

Umagaishi.

The Crater.

BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY LORD'S MIND.


H

ERE, my old-vagabond—Vimpany, is an interesting case for you—the cry of a patient with a sick mind.

Look over it, and prescribe for your wild Irish friend, if you can.

You will perhaps remember that I have never thoroughly trusted you, in all the years since we have known each other. At this later date in our lives, when I ought to see more clearly than ever what an unfathomable man you are, am I rash enough to be capable of taking you into my confidence?

I don't know what I am going to do; I feel like



a man who has been stunned. To be told that the murderer of Arthur Mountjoy had been seen in London—to be prepared to trace him by his paltry assumed name of Carrigeen—to wait vainly for the next discovery which might bring him within reach of retribution at my hands—and then to be overwhelmed by the news of his illness, his recovery, and his disappearance: these are the blows which have stupefied me. Only think of it! He has escaped me for the second time. Fever that kills thousands of harmless creatures has spared the assassin. He may yet die in his bed, and be buried, with the guiltless dead around him, in a quiet churchyard. I can't get over it; I shall never get over it.

Add to this, anxieties about my wife, and maddening letters from creditors—and don't expect me to write reasonably.

What I want to know is whether your art (or whatever you call it) can get at my diseased mind, through my healthy body? You have more than once told me that medicine can do this. The time has come for doing it. I am in a bad way, and a bad end may follow. My only medical friend, deliver me from myself.

In any case, let me beg you to keep your temper while you read what follows.

I have to confess that the devil whose name is Jealousy has entered into me, and is threatening the tranquillity of my married life. You dislike Iris, I know—and she returns your hostile feeling towards her. Try to do my wife justice, nevertheless, as I do. I don't believe my distrust of her has any excuse—and yet, I am jealous. More unreasonable still, I am as fond of her as I was in the first days of the honeymoon. Is she as fond of me as ever of me? You were a married man when I was a boy. Let me give you the means of forming an opinion by a narrative of her conduct, under (what I admit to have been) very trying circumstances.

When the first information reached Iris of Hugh Mountjoy's dangerous illness, we were at breakfast. It struck her dumb. She handed the letter to me, and left the table.

I hate a man who doesn't know what it is to want money; I hate a man who keeps his temper; I hate a man who pretends to be my wife's friend, and who is secretly in love with her all the time. What difference did it make to me whether Hugh Mountjoy ended in living or dying? If I had any interest in the matter, it ought by rights (seeing that I am jealous of him) to be an interest in his death. Well! I declare positively that the alarming news from London spoilt my breakfast! There is something about that friend of my wife—that smug prosperous well-behaved Englishman—which seems to plead for him (God knows how!) when my mind is least inclined in his favour. While I was reading about his illness, I found myself hoping that he would recover—and, I give you my sacred word of honour, I hated him all the time!

My Irish friend is mad—you will say. Your Irish friend, my dear fellow, does not dispute it.

Let us get back to my wife. She showed herself again after a long absence, having something (at last) to say to her husband.

"I am innocently to blame," she began, "for the dreadful misfortune that has fallen on Mr. Mountjoy. If I had not given him a message to Mrs. Vimpany, he would never have insisted on seeing her, and would never have caught the fever. It may help me to bear my misery of self-reproach and suspense, if I am kept informed of his illness. There is no fear of infection by my receiving letters. I am to write to a friend of Mrs. Vimpany, who lives in another house, and who will answer my inquiries. Do you object, dear Harry, to my getting news of Hugh Mountjoy every day, while he is in danger?"

I was perfectly willing that she should get that news, and she ought to have known it.

It seemed to me to be also a bad sign that she made her request with dry eyes. She must have cried, when she first heard that he was likely to sink under an attack of fever. Why were her tears kept hidden in her own room? When she came back to me, her face was pale and hard and tearless. Don't you think she might have forgotten my jealousy, when I was so careful myself not to show it? My own belief is that she was longing to go to London, and help your wife to

nurse the poor man, and catch the fever, and die with him if he died.

Is this bitter? Perhaps it is. Tear it off, and light your pipe with it.

Well, the correspondence relating to the sick man continued every day; and every day—oh, Vimpany, another concession to my jealousy!—she handed the letters to me to read. I made excuses (we Irish are good at that, if we are good at nothing else), and declined to read the medical reports. One morning, when she opened the letter of that day, there passed over her a change which is likely to remain in my memory as long as I live. Never have I seen such an ecstasy of happiness in any woman's face, as I saw when she read the lines which informed her that the fever was mastered. Iris is sweet and delicate and bright—essentially fascinating, in a word. But she was never a beautiful woman, until she knew that Mountjoy's life was safe; and she will never be a beautiful woman again, unless the time comes when my death leaves her free to marry him. On her wedding-day, he will see the transformation that I saw—and he will be dazzled as I was.

She looked at me, as if she expected me to speak. "I am glad indeed," I said, "that he is out of danger."

She ran to me—she kissed me; I wouldn't have believed it was in her to give such kisses. "Now I have your sympathy," she said, "my happiness is complete!" Do you think I was indebted for those kisses to myself, or to that other man? No, no—here is an unworthy doubt. I discard it. Vile suspicion shall not wrong Iris this time.

And yet—

Shall I go on, and write the rest of it?

Poor, dear Arthur Mountjoy once told me of a foreign author, who was in great doubt of the right answer to some tough question that troubled him. He went into his garden and threw a stone at a tree. If he hit the tree, the answer would be—Yes. If he missed the tree, the answer would be—No. I am going into the garden to imitate the foreign author. You shall hear how it ends.

I have hit the tree. As a necessary consequence, I must go on and write the rest of it.

There is a growing estrangement between Iris and myself—and my jealousy doesn't altogether account for it. Sometimes, it occurs to me that we are thinking of what our future relations with Mountjoy are likely to be, and are ashamed to confess it to each other. Sometimes—and perhaps this second, and easiest, guess may be the right one—I am apt to conclude that we are only anxious about money matters. I am waiting for her to touch on the subject, and she is waiting for me; and there we are at a deadlock.

I wish I had some reason for going to some other place. I wish I was lost among strangers. I should like to find myself in a state of danger, meeting the risks that I used to run in my vagabond days. Now I think of it, I might enjoy this last excitement by going back to England, and giving the Invincibles a chance of shooting me as a traitor to the cause. But my wife would object to that.

Suppose we change the subject.

You will be glad to hear that you know something of law, as well as of medicine. I sent instructions to my solicitor in London to raise a loan on my life-insurance. What you said to me turns out to be right. I can't raise a farthing, for three years to come, out of all the thousands of pounds which I shall leave behind me when I die.

Are my prospects from the newspaper likely to cheer me after such a disappointment as this? The new journal, I have the pleasure of informing you, is much admired. When I inquire for my profits, I hear that the expenses are heavy, and

I am told that I must wait for a rise in our circulation. How long? Nobody knows.

I shall keep these pages open for a few days more, on the chance of something happening which may alter my present position for the better.

My position has altered for the worse.

I have been obliged to fill my empty purse, for a little while, by means of a bit of stamped paper. And how shall I meet my liabilities when the Note falls due? Let time answer the question; for the present the evil day is put off. In the meanwhile, if that literary speculation of yours is answering no better than my newspaper, I can lend you a few pounds to get on with. What do you say (on second thoughts) to coming back to your old quarters at Passy, and giving me your valuable advice by word of mouth instead of by letter?

Come, and feel my pulse, and look at my tongue—and tell me how these various anxieties of mine are going to end, before we are any of us a year older. Shall I, like you, be separated from my wife—at her request; oh, not at mine! Or shall I be locked up in prison? And what will become of You? Do you take the hint, doctor?

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY LADY'S MIND.

"Entreat Lady Harry not to write to me. She will be tempted to do so, when she hears that there is good hope of Mr. Mountjoy's recovery. But, even from that loving and generous heart, I must not accept expressions of gratitude which would only embarrass me. All that I have done, as a nurse, and all that I may yet hope to do, is no more than an effort to make amends for my past life. Iris has my heart's truest wishes for her happiness. Until I can myself write to her without danger, let this be enough."

In those terms, dearest of women, your friend has sent your message to me. My love respects as well as admires you; your wishes are commands to me. At the same time, I may find some relief from the fears of the future that oppress me, if I can confide them to friendly ears. May I not harmlessly write to you, if I only write of my own poor self?

Try, dear, to remember those pleasant days when you were staying with us, in our honeymoon time, at Paris.

You warned me, one evening when we were alone, to be on my guard against any circumstances which might excite my husband's jealousy. Since then, the trouble that you foresaw has fallen on me; mainly, I am afraid, through my own want of self-control. It is so hard for a woman, when she really loves a man, to understand a state of mind which can make him doubt her.

I have discovered that jealousy varies. Let me tell you what I mean.

Lord Harry was silent and sullen (ah, how well I knew what that meant!) while the life of our poor Hugh was in jeopardy. When I read the good news which told me that he was no longer in danger, I don't know whether there was any change worth remarking in myself—but, there was a change in my husband, delightful to see. His face showed such sweet sympathy when he looked at me, he spoke so kindly and nicely of Hugh, that I could only express my pleasure by kissing him. You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that his hateful jealousy appeared again, at that moment. He looked surprised, he looked suspicious—he looked, I declare, as if he doubted whether I meant it with all my heart when I



Now he looked angry, and now he looked puzzled; and now he took a long letter from his pocket.



The information struck her dumb. She handed the letter to me and left the table.

kissed him! What incomprehensible creatures men are! We read in novels of women who are able to manage their masters. I wish I knew how to manage mine.

We have been getting into debt. For some weeks past, this sad state of things has been a burden on my mind. Day after day, I have been expecting him to speak of our situation, and have found him obstinately silent. Is his mind entirely occupied with other things? Or is he unwilling to speak of our anxieties because the subject humiliates him? Yesterday, I could bear it no longer.

"Our debts are increasing," I said. "Have you thought of any way of paying them?"

I had feared that my question might irritate him. To my relief, he seemed to be diverted by it.

"The payment of debts," he replied, "is a problem that I

am too poor to solve. Perhaps, I got near to it the other day."

I asked how.

"Well," he said, "I found myself wishing I had some rich friends. By-the-by, how is your rich friend? What have you heard lately of Mr. Mountjoy?"

"I have heard that he is steadily advancing towards recovery."

"Likely, I dare say, to return to France when he feels equal to it," my husband remarked. "He is a good-natured creature. If he finds himself in Paris again, I wonder whether he will pay us another visit?"

He said this quite seriously. On my side, I was too much astonished to utter a word. My bewilderment seemed to amuse him. In his own pleasant way he explained himself:—

"I ought to have told you, my dear, that I was in Mr. Mountjoy's company the night before he returned to England. We had said some disagreeable things to each other, here in the cottage, while you were away in your room. My tongue got the better of my judgment. In short, I spoke rudely to our guest. Thinking over it afterwards, I felt that I ought to make an apology. He received my sincere excuses with an amiability of manner, and a grace of language, which raised him greatly in my estimation."

There you have Lord Harry's own words! Who would suppose that he had ever been jealous of the man whom he spoke of in this way?

I explain it to myself, partly by the charm in Hugh's look and manner, which everybody feels; partly by the readiness with which my husband's variable nature receives new

impressions. I hope you agree with me. In any case, pray let Hugh see what I have written to you in this place, and ask him what he thinks of it.*

Encouraged, as you will easily understand, by the delightful prospect of a reconciliation between them, I was eager to take my first opportunity of speaking freely of Hugh. Up to that time, it had been a hard trial to keep to myself so much that was deeply interesting in my thoughts and hopes. But my hours of disappointment were not at an end yet. We were interrupted.

A letter was brought to us—one of many, already received!—insisting on immediate payment of a debt that had been too long unsettled. The detestable subject of our poverty insisted on claiming attention when there was a messenger outside, waiting for my poor Harry's last French bank note.

"What is to be done?" I said, when we were left by ourselves again.

My husband's composure was something wonderful. He laughed, and lit a cigar.

"We have got to the crisis," he said. "The question of money has driven us into a corner at last. My darling, have you ever heard of such a thing as a promissory note?"

I was not quite so ignorant as he supposed me to be; I said I had heard my father speak of promissory notes.

This seemed to fail in convincing him. "Your father," he remarked, "used to pay his notes when they fell due."

I betrayed my ignorance, after all. "Doesn't everybody do the same?" I asked.

He burst out laughing. "We will send the maid to get a bit of stamped paper," he said; "I'll write the message for her, this time."

Those last words alluded to Fanny's ignorance of the French language, which made it necessary to provide her with written instructions, when she was sent on an errand. In our domestic affairs, I was able to do this; but, in the present case, I only handed the message to her. When she returned with a slip of stamped paper, Harry called to me to come to the writing-table.

"Now, my sweet," he said, "see how easily money is to be got with a scratch of the pen."

I looked over his shoulder. In less than a minute it was done; and he had produced ten thousand francs on paper—in English money (as he told me), four hundred pounds. This seemed to be a large loan; I asked how he proposed to pay it back. He kindly reminded me that he was a newspaper proprietor, and, as such, possessed of the means of inspiring confidence in persons with money to spare. They could afford, it seems, to give him three months in which to arrange for repayment. In that time, as he thought, the profits of the new journal might come pouring in. He knew best, of course.

We took the next train to Paris, and turned our bit of paper into notes and gold. Never was there such a delightful companion as my husband, when he has got money in his pocket. After so much sorrow and anxiety, for weeks past, that memorable afternoon was like a glimpse of Paradise.

On the next morning, there was an end to my short-lived enjoyment of no more than the latter half of a day.

Watching her opportunity, Fanny Mere came to me while I was alone, carrying a thick letter in her hand. She held it before me with the address uppermost.

"Please to look at that," she said.

The letter was directed (in Harry's handwriting) to Mr. Vimpany, at a publishing office in London. Fanny next turned the envelope the other way.

"Look at this side," she resumed.

The envelope was specially protected by a seal; bearing a device of my husband's own invention; that is to say, the initials of his name (Harry Norland) surmounted by a star—his lucky star, as he paid me the compliment of calling it, on the day when he married me. I was thinking of that day now. Fanny saw me looking, with a sad heart, at the impression on the wax. She completely misinterpreted the direction taken by my thoughts.

"Tell me to do it, my lady," she proceeded; "and I'll open the letter."

I looked at her. She showed no confusion. "I can seal it up again," she coolly explained, "with a bit of fresh wax and my thimble. Perhaps Mr. Vimpany won't be sober enough to notice it."

"Do you know, Fanny, that you are making a dishonourable proposal to me?" I said.

"I know there's nothing I can do to help you that I won't do," she answered; "and you know why. I have made a dishonourable proposal—have I? That comes quite naturally to a lost woman like me. Shall I tell you what Honour means? It means sticking at nothing, in your service. Please tell me to open the letter."

"How did you come by the letter, Fanny?"

"My master gave it to me to put in the post."

"Then, post it."

The strange creature, so full of contraries—so sensitive at one time, so impenetrable at another—pointed again to the address.

"When the master writes to that man," she went on—"a long letter (if you will notice), and a sealed letter—your ladyship ought to see what is inside it. I haven't a doubt myself that there's writing under this seal which bodes trouble to you. The spare bedroom is empty. Do you want to have the doctor for your visitor again? Don't tell me to post the letter, till I've opened it first."

"I do tell you to post the letter."

Fanny submitted, so far. But she had a new form of persuasion to try, before her reserves of resistance were exhausted. "If the doctor comes back," she continued, "will your ladyship give me leave to go out, whenever I ask for it?"

This was surely presuming on my indulgence. "Are you not expecting a little too much?" I suggested—not unkindly.

"If you say that, my lady," she answered, "I shall be obliged to ask you to suit yourself with another maid."

There was a tone of dictation in this, which I found beyond endurance. In my anger, I said: "Leave me whenever you like."

"I shall leave you when I'm dead—not before," was the reply that I received. "But if you won't let me have my liberty without going away from you, for a time, I must go—for your sake."

(For my sake! Pray observe that.)

She went on:—

"Try to see it, my lady, as I do! If we have the doctor with us again, I must be able to watch him."

"Why?"

"Because he is your enemy, as I believe."

"How can he hurt me, Fanny?"

"Through your husband, my lady, if he can do it in no other way. Mr. Vimpany shall have a spy at his heels. Dishonourable! oh, dishonourable again! Never mind. I don't pretend to know what that villain means to do, if he and my

lord get together again. But this I can tell you, if it's in woman's wit to circumvent him, here I am with my mind made up. With my mind made up!" she repeated fiercely—and recovered on a sudden her customary character as a quiet well-trained servant, devoted to her duties. "I'll take my master's letter to the post now," she said. "Is there anything your ladyship wants in the town?"

What do you think of Fanny Mere? Ought I to have treated this last offer of her services, as I treated her proposal to open the letter? I was not able to do it.

The truth is, I was so touched by her devotion to me, that I could not prevail on myself to mortify her by a refusal. I believe there may be a good reason for the distrust of the doctor which possesses her so strongly; and I feel the importance of having this faithful and determined woman for an ally. Let me hope that Mr. Vimpany's return (if it is to take place) may be delayed until you can safely write, with your own hand, such a letter of wise advice as I sadly need.

In the meantime, give my love to Hugh, and say to this dear friend all that I might have said for myself, if I had been near him. But take care that his recovery is not retarded by anxiety for me. Pray keep him in ignorance of the doubts and fears with which I am now looking at the future. If I was not so fond of my husband, I should be easier in my mind. This sounds contradictory, but I believe you will understand it. For awhile, my dear, good-bye.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DOCTOR MEANS MISCHIEF.

On the day after Lord Harry's description of the state of his mind reached London, a gentleman presented himself at the publishing office of Messrs. Boldside Brothers, and asked for the senior partner, Mr. Peter Boldside. When he sent in his card, it bore the name of "Mr. Vimpany."

"To what fortunate circumstance am I indebted, sir, for the honour of your visit?" the senior partner inquired. His ingratiating manners, his genial smile, his roundly resonant voice, were personal advantages of which he made a merciless use. The literary customer who entered the office, hesitating before the question of publishing a work at his own expense, generally decided to pay the penalty when he encountered Mr. Peter Boldside.

"I want to inquire about the sale of my work," Mr. Vimpany replied.

"Ah, doctor, you have come to the wrong man. You must go to my brother."

Mr. Vimpany protested. "You mentioned the terms when I first applied to you," he said, "and you signed the agreement."

"That is in my department," the senior partner gently explained. "And I shall write the cheque when, as we both hope, your large profits will fall due. But our sales of works are in the department of my brother, Mr. Paul Boldside." He rang a bell; a clerk appeared, and received his instructions: "Mr. Paul. Good morning, doctor."

Mr. Paul was, personally speaking, his brother repeated—without the deep voice, and without the genial smile. Conducted to the office of the junior partner, Mr. Vimpany found himself in the presence of a stranger, occupied in turning over the pages of a newspaper. When his name was announced, the publisher started, and handed his newspaper to the doctor.

"This is a coincidence," he said. "I was looking, sir, for your name in the pages which I have just put into your hand. Surely the editor can't have refused to publish your letter?"

Mr. Vimpany was sober, and therefore sad, and therefore (again) not to be trifled with by a mystifying reception. "I don't understand you," he answered gruffly. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you have not seen last week's number of the paper?" Mr. Paul asked. "And you a literary man!" He forthwith produced the last week's number, and opened it at the right place. "Read that, sir," he said, with something in his manner which looked like virtuous indignation.

Mr. Vimpany found himself confronted by a letter addressed to the editor. It was signed by an eminent physician, whose portrait had appeared in the first serial part of the new work—accompanied by a brief memoir of his life, which purported to be written by himself. Not one line of the autobiography (this celebrated person declared) had proceeded from his pen. Mr. Vimpany had impudently published an imaginary memoir, full of false reports and scandalous inventions—and this after he had been referred to a trustworthy source for the necessary particulars. Stating these facts, the indignant physician cautioned readers to beware of purchasing a work which, so far as he was concerned, was nothing less than a fraud on the public.

"If you can answer that letter, sir," Mr. Paul Boldside resumed, "the better it will be, I can tell you, for the sale of your publication."

Mr. Vimpany made a reckless reply: "I want to know how the thing sells. Never mind the letter."

"Never mind the letter?" the junior partner repeated. "A positive charge of fraud is advanced by a man at the head of his profession against a work which we have published—and you say, Never mind the letter."

The rough customer of the Boldsides struck his fist on the table. "Bother the letter! I insist on knowing what the sale is."

Still preserving his dignity, Mr. Paul (like Mr. Peter) rang for the clerk, and briefly gave an order. "Mr. Vimpany's account," he said—and proceeded to admonish Mr. Vimpany himself.

"You appear, sir, to have no defence of your conduct to offer. Our firm has a reputation to preserve. When I have consulted with my brother, we shall be under the disagreeable necessity—"

Here (as he afterwards told his brother) the publisher was brutally interrupted by the author:—

"If you will have it," said this rude man, "here it is in two words. The doctor's portrait is the likeness of an ass. As he couldn't do it himself, I wanted materials for writing his life. He referred me to the year of his birth, the year of his marriage, the year of this, that, and the other. Who cares about dates? The public likes to be tickled by personal statements. Very well—I tickled the public. There you have it in a nutshell."

The clerk appeared at that auspicious moment, with the author's account neatly exhibited under two sides: a Debtor side, which represented the expenditure of Hugh Mountjoy's money; and a Creditor side, which represented (so far) Mr. Vimpany's profits. Amount of these last: £3 14s. 10d.

Mr. Vimpany tore up the account, threw the pieces in the face of Mr. Paul, and expressed his sentiments in one opprobrious word: "Swindlers!"

The publisher said: "You shall hear of us, sir, through our lawyer."

And the author answered: "Go to the devil!"

Once out in the streets again, the first open door at which Mr. Vimpany stopped was the door of a tavern. He ordered a glass of brandy and water, and a cigar.

It was then the hour of the afternoon, between the time

of luncheon and the time of dinner, when the business of a tavern is generally in a state of suspense. The dining-room was empty when Mr. Vimpany entered it; and the waiter's unoccupied attention was in want of an object. Having nothing else to notice, he looked at the person who had just come in. The deluded stranger was drinking fiery potato-brandy, and smoking (at the foreign price) an English cigar. Would his taste tell him the melancholy truth? No: it seemed to matter nothing to him what he was drinking or what he was smoking. Now he looked angry, and now he looked puzzled; and now he took a long letter from his pocket, and read it in places, and marked the places with a pencil. "Up to some mischief," was the waiter's interpretation of these signs. The stranger ordered a second glass of grog, and drank it in gulps, and fell into such deep thought that he let his cigar go out. Evidently, a man in search of an idea. And, to all appearance, he found what he wanted on a sudden. In a hurry he paid his reckoning, and left his small change and his unfinished cigar on the table, and was off before the waiter could say "Thank you."

The next place at which he stopped was a fine house in a spacious square. A carriage was waiting at the door. The servant who opened the door knew him.

"Sir James is going out again, sir, in two minutes," the man said. Mr. Vimpany answered: "I won't keep him two minutes."

A bell rang from the room on the ground floor; and a gentleman came out, as Mr. Vimpany was shown in. Sir James's stethoscope was still in his hand; his latest medical fee lay on the table. "Some other day, Vimpany," the great surgeon said; "I have no time to give you now."

"Will you give me a minute?" the humble doctor asked.

"Very well. What is it?"

"I am down in the world now, Sir James, as you know—and I am trying to pick myself up again."

"Very creditable, my good fellow. How can I help you? Come, come,—out with it. You want something."

"I want your great name to do me a great service. I am going to France. A letter of introduction, from you, will open doors which might be closed to an unknown man like myself."

"What doors do you mean?" Sir James asked.

"The doors of the hospitals in Paris."

"Wait a minute, Vimpany. Have you any particular object in view?"

"A professional object, of course," the ready doctor answered. "I have got an idea for a new treatment of diseases of the lungs; and I want to see if the French have made any recent discoveries in that direction."

Sir James took up his pen—and hesitated. His ill-starred medical colleague had been his fellow-student and his friend, in the days when they were both young men. They had seen but little of each other since they had gone their different ways—one of them, on the high road which leads to success, the other down the byways which end in failure. The famous surgeon felt a passing doubt of the use which his needy and vagabond inferior might make of his name. For a moment his pen was held suspended over the paper. But the man of great reputation was also a man of great heart. Old associations pleaded with him, and won their cause. His companion of former times left the house, provided with a letter of introduction to the chief surgeon at the Hôtel Dieu, in Paris.

Mr. Vimpany's next and last proceeding for that day was to stop at a telegraph-office, and to communicate economically with Lord Harry in three words:—

"Expect me to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

Lady Grosvenor attended the eighteenth conversazione of the Chester Society of Natural Science and Literature, and presented Mr. T. Ruddy with the Kingsley memorial prize, and also distributed other awards.

During September 2619 dogs were received, fed, and sheltered at the Dogs' Home, and nearly 400 homes were found for the more fortunate ones. The growing popularity of the "Home" is seen by the large number of visitors (3158) who inspected the establishment during the month. The gates of the home are punctually closed during the winter months at four p.m.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Sir Charles Cameron Lees, Governor of Barbadoes, to be Governor of Mauritius, in succession to Sir John Pope Hennessy, who retires on the completion of his term of office. Her Majesty has also been pleased to approve of the appointment of Sir Walter J. Sendall, Governor of the Windward Islands, to be Governor of Barbadoes; and of the appointment of the Hon. Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, to be Governor of the Windward Islands.

The Indian Government are about to be called upon to repay a sum of £100,000 which they have had in their possession for several years, the proceeds of a legacy left by the wife of one of the native Princes, who died upwards of thirty years ago. The deceased lady, says the *Freeman's Journal*, was an Irishwoman, who went to India some sixty years since as the travelling companion of two wealthy English ladies. During her stay in India she attracted the notice of one of the native Princes, and he married her. The pair lived happily together for upwards of thirty years, the wife having a separate estate settled upon her by the Maharajah. She died childless, and left no will. Her property was taken over by the Indian Government, and it has remained in their hands ever since. It was, at the time of her death, £30,000; but its value has since risen to close on £100,000. The relatives of the deceased lady in Ireland were in entire ignorance of her fate up to quite recently, when they learnt it accidentally from a returned Indian soldier. The inquiries which have since been instituted have fully established her marriage with the Indian Prince, not only according to the rites of the Mussulman but also of the Christian Church. They also have assured themselves of the existence and value of the property she left behind her at her death.

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* Note by Mrs. Vimpany.—I shall certainly not be foolish enough to show what she has written to Mr. Mountjoy. Poor deluded Iris! Miserable, fatal marriage!

GLASGOW NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

These stately buildings for the accommodation of the Corporation of Glasgow and their business offices have been six years in construction, the foundation-stone having been laid by Lord Provost Ure in October 1883. They occupy a site bounded by George-square, John-street, Cochrane-street, and George-street, the front extending along the whole east side of George-square. The architectural style of this front is that of the Italian Renaissance, with a grand entrance arch of Roman character. The keystone of this central arch exhibits the city arms, with the motto "Let Glasgow flourish," supported by figures of Religion, Virtue, and Knowledge. Over the side arches are figures of the Fine Arts and the Sciences; above stand those of Harmony, Peace, Prosperity, and Health. The "Jubilee Pediment," 59 ft. long and 11 ft. high, contains a seated statue of Queen Victoria, supported by figures representing England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, all the figures of colossal size; with sculptures in relief, of groups and figures representing the Colonies and India, Africa and Eastern Asia. Above stands the figure of Truth, accompanied by Wealth and Honour.

The interior halls and apartments present much grandeur and magnificence. The Loggia, or entrance-hall, has a vaulted ceiling of Venetian mosaic, brilliant in colour, upheld by columns of red Aberdeen granite, on bases of grey granite,

and with capitals of green marble, forming a nave and transepts. Doorways to the main staircases are supported by stone caryatid figures. One grand staircase, all of marble, with fine pillared arches and domed roofs of tinted glass, very beautiful in general effect and in details, leads to the Banqueting Hall; the other to the Council Chamber. The Banqueting Hall, 120 ft. long, 50 ft. wide, and 50 ft. high, will be splendidly painted, with much gilding; the Drawing-Room, called the "Satinwood Salon," from the costly material of the carved and fluted pilasters around its walls, also the Mahogany Salon, and the small Octagon Room, complete a handsome series of Municipal State apartments, in which sumptuousness of materials has been combined with fine taste and originality of design. The Council-Chamber, 60 ft. long and 30 ft. wide, is panelled with mahogany to the height of 15 ft., above which is a deep frieze of gold on a greenish-yellow ground, and in the centre of the ceiling a dome of richly stained glass. A door from the Council-Chamber leads into the bright and elegant satinwood saloon. We have not space to describe the decorations of these noble apartments, or the Lord Provost's Room, the Dean of Guild's Room, the refreshment-room, the corridors, landings, and staircases, which altogether make one of the most superb interiors among the modern public palaces of City Corporations.

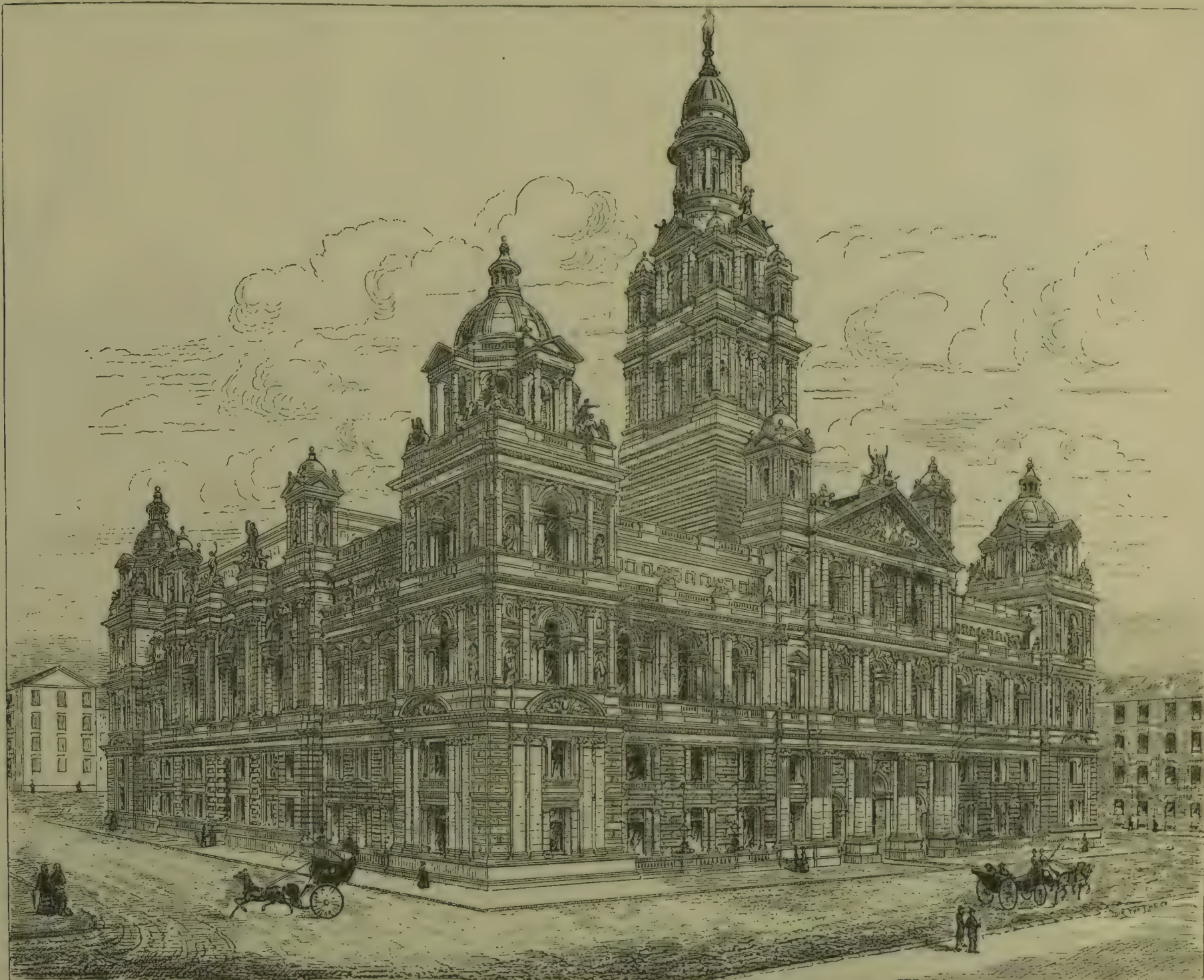
The architect of these grand buildings is Mr. William Young, of London; Mr. Henry D. Walton, of Glasgow, has

assisted in the superintendence of the building, the general contractors being Messrs. Morrison and Mason. The sculpture has been executed by Mr. John Mossman, of Glasgow, assisted by Mr. G. Lawson and Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, of London; Mr. Rhind, of Edinburgh; and several Glasgow sculptors. The official public opening, on Monday, Oct. 7, was the crowning event of Sir James King's year of office as Lord Provost of Glasgow. Her Majesty the Queen, in August last year, performed the ceremony of opening part of the buildings.

Sir Howard Grubb, F.R.S., has been unanimously elected honorary secretary of the Royal Dublin Society.

Dr. Cameron, of Huddersfield, has been appointed Medical Officer of Health for Leeds, at a salary of £700 a year and allowances, in place of Dr. Goldie, resigned. There were fifty-two candidates.

A new Market-Hall, which the Corporation of Carlisle has built near the centre of the city, at a cost of nearly £40,000, was opened on Oct. 2 by the Mayor, Mr. James R. Creighton, and the Mayoress. The Council conferred upon his Worship the honorary freedom of the city, while the citizens presented him with a gold casket and the Mayoress with a diamond bracelet. There were great festivities during the day, and in the evening the city was illuminated.



THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Church Congress has been held at Cardiff. As noted in our last issue, on the opening day, Oct. 1, the Bishop of Llandaff, the president for the year, held a reception in the forenoon in the Park Hall, a large public hall with a gallery, which was filled with members of the congress. It was decorated with the banners of preceding congresses, and that of Cardiff for this year occupied the place of honour behind the president's chair. Most of the clergy wore their robes. Among those who attended were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of St. Davids, Salisbury, Asaph, and Bedford; Bishop Barry, Earl Nelson, Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., Colonel Hill, M.P., and the Dean of Llandaff. After the formal reception the clergy formed into processions and walked to one or other of the churches to attend the services which preceded the formal opening of the congress. In the afternoon the Bishop of Llandaff gave the presidential address in the Park Hall, showing the progress which had been made by the Church in Wales, and claimed for her that she was fully alive to her responsibilities, and had more members than any other religious body in the Principality. At the close of the address, which was loudly cheered, papers were read on the Church's mode of dealing with rapidly growing populations; the respective merits of the division of parishes, the use of mission-rooms and lay co-operation, and community life for the clergy. Meetings were held in the afternoon and evening.

The second was an exciting day in both the congress-halls. Papers were read and discussed upon "The Church in Wales,"

"Parochial Missions," "The Training of the Welsh Clergy," and "Sunday Observance." In the afternoon "The Literature of the Day and its Attitude towards Christianity" was discussed at some length, after papers on the subject had been read. Great interest was evoked by a paper read in the evening by Mr. Edward Terry, the actor, on "Popular Amusement in Relation to Christian Life." He said Churchmen would find that theatres and actors were not so black as they were painted. The stage was a necessity of the times. It could not be denied that there were occasionally reprehensible performances, but theatres should not be avoided on that account any more than reading should be prohibited because bad books were published. He blamed clergymen for holding aloof from the theatre and condemning the stage unseen and unheard.

Elementary education was the first subject discussed on the third day, Lord Norton and the Rev. J. R. Diggle speaking against the proposal to establish free schools. Canon Gregory read a paper on the organisation of religious teaching in School Board districts. "The Church's Care of Children" was considered under several heads at another morning meeting. In the evening the principal gathering was to hear papers read by Mr. H. W. Hill on the better housing of the working classes, the Bishop of Bedford on recreation, Canon Blackley on thrift, and the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth on the sweating system.

The proceedings of the Congress were brought to a close on Oct. 4. In the morning a devotional meeting was held; and in the afternoon the subject of the papers, the most important of which was read by Sir J. Kennaway, was the relationship

between the Church at home and foreign missions. At another sectional meeting the Dean of Llandaff spoke of the indebtedness of the Church in Wales to Nonconformity. The congress was brought to a close with a conversazione, at which a large number of guests were entertained by the Bishop of Llandaff. Hull has been selected as the place for next year's congress.

A CRY FOR VENGEANCE IN MOROCCO.

Our Artists and Correspondents in Morocco have contributed forcible Sketches of the people of that ill-governed Mohammedan State, which is styled an Empire; and especially of some incidents attending the Sultan's military expedition to subdue the revolted native tribes in the highlands of the Atlas. To this occasion belongs the painful scene represented in our large Engraving. A portion of the Beni M'Guild tribe had made their submission to the Sultan. The rest of the tribe came down, treacherously killed all the men of the villages that had surrendered, and pillaged their habitations, leaving in the "djar" only a few women and men too old to take arms. It was an affecting scene when the desolate women, perceiving the Sultan's approach, laid out the bodies of the slain in front of the village, and gave vent to their despair by frightful screams, tearing their hair, and violent lamentation. Others stood waving some rags as signals to call the attention of the coming Sultan. They implored him to revenge those who had ventured to recognise his authority in joining his flag. Our Illustration is derived from a sketch by M. Gabriel Nicolet, a French artist, who was a witness of the scene.



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A CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

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TWO OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

GOSLAR AND SOEST.

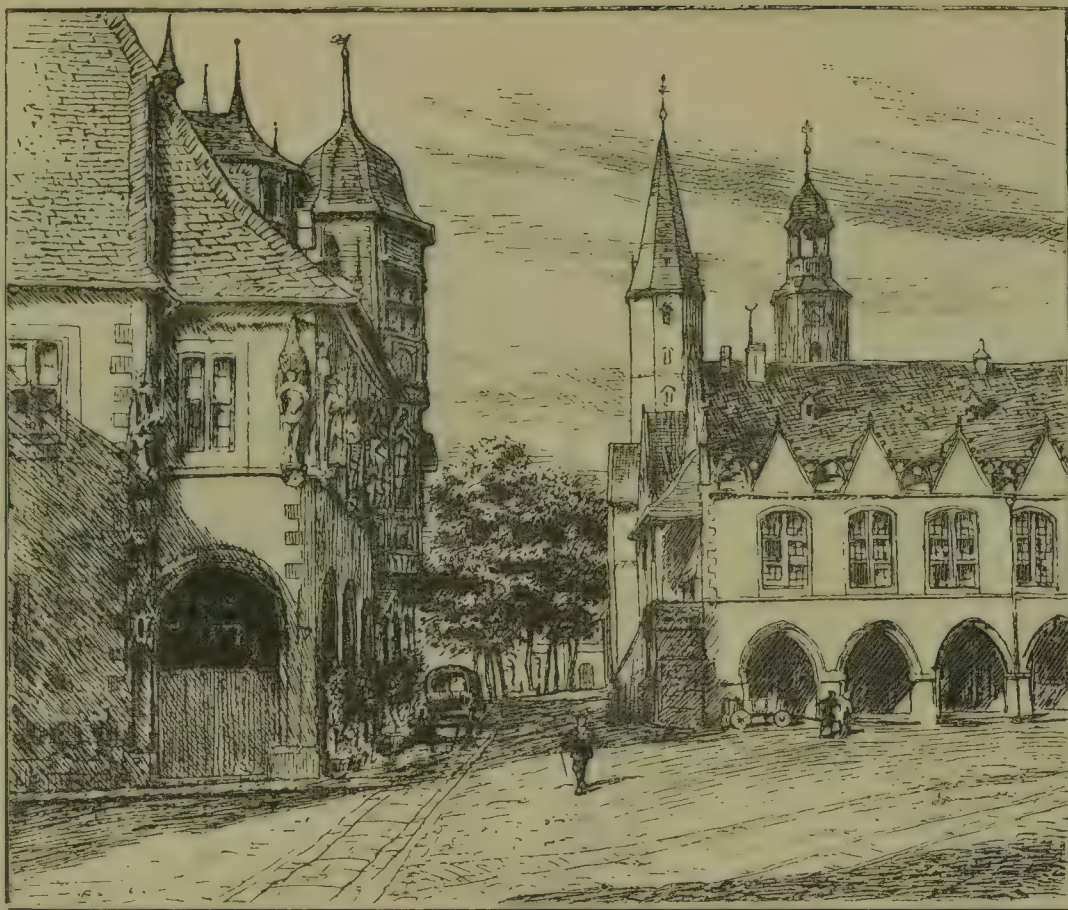
We had settled to make a little journey in the Hartz district, and we went by Antwerp to Goslar. It would have been much wiser to go by way of Rotterdam, which is little more than a half-day's journey from Hanover. Before we had been a day in Goslar, however, we found so much to see and to note that our plans respecting the Hartz became hazy, and we saw very little beyond the environs of the ancient town.



OUTSIDE GOSLAR.

It is a surprisingly perfect little town—its walls are well preserved, and now form delightful shaded walks. Some of the massive round towers remain, notably the Zwinger, most impressive at sunset, the towers of the Burg Thor and the Pauls Thurm, close to the railway-station. There are also some interesting churches. But the chief feature of Goslar is its impressiveness. It was a Royal city once upon a time; and the ancient palace, the Kaiserpfalz, stands just outside it; also the porch of what must have been a grand cathedral, the Domkapelle, pulled down, alas! at the beginning of the century because funds could not be raised to restore it. The Market-place is very large; in its centre is a quaint fountain, formed by two block-metal basins, one above another, and topped by a big brazen eagle. One side of this Markt-Platz is occupied by the arcaded Rathaus, a sixteenth-century building, with a picturesque porch and balcony on its first storey, led up to by a flight of stone steps at one corner. There is a good deal that is interesting within the old Huldigung Chamber, with walls painted by Wohlgemuth; and several ancient art treasures, besides other curiosities.

At right angles with this corner, and forming another side of the square, is a yet more picturesque building than the Rathaus. The lower storey is arcaded, and in front of the piers olivanders and other plants stand in large green tubs, and behind this screen are tables and chairs, where visitors drink their coffee and now and then eat their dinners and smoke over their newspapers. This grand old building is the Kaiserworth, the chief hotel of Goslar. It was built, the Goslar people say, by the Emperor Lothair of Saxony, in 1494, for the Guild of Wool Merchants; but it is called the Kaiserworth, not so much as a remembrance of its Imperial donor, as for the wooden statues of Emperors along its first



THE KAISERWORTH AND RATHHAUS, IN THE MARKET-PLACE, GOSLAR.



AN OLD COURTYARD, GOSLAR.

storey. About life-size, and painted and gilded, eight Kaisers stand at the angle of each window, frowning down on the square below. Each one has a carved emblem at his feet. There are five windows on each storey along the front of the building, but the central window projects and makes a five-sided oriel, which on the second floor rises in a peaked and slated cap out of the lofty roof, and is crowned by another brazen eagle—a brother to the guardian of the fountain. The roof, as we gazed up at it from below, looked perpendicular; it has several sets of tiny dormers, each crowned by a tall spike with a gilded ball above; just below the eaves of the roof itself is a series of beautifully carved birds and animals. Not only the outside of the Kaiserworth is satisfactory: the traveller finds therein a good bed and good food and good wine at a most reasonable cost, and the genial landlord,

Herr Bode, is especially pleased to be of service to English visitors. So far as we could see, people rush off to Harzburg, a little watering-place beyond the Oker Valley, and leave this fine old town unexplored.

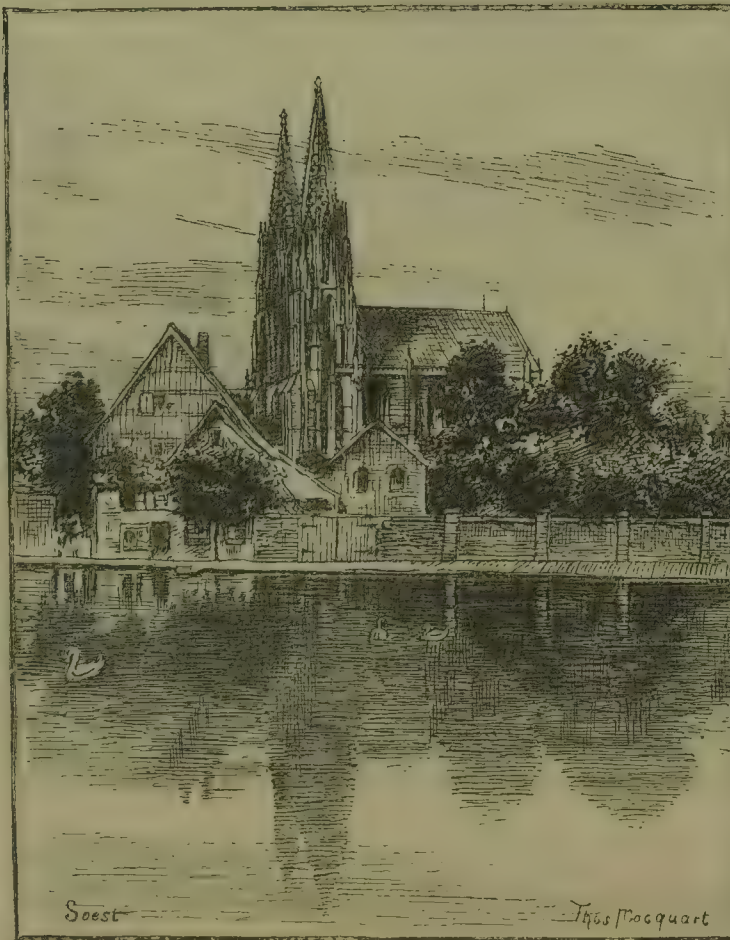
Goslar is very rich in old houses, with wooden fronts beautifully carved with legends and scroll work, and there is so much colour in the place, especially in some of the courtyards, that one wonders artists have not found it out. An old house of early sixteenth-century date, behind the Markt-Kirche, has a marvellous front—the figures on the bas-reliefs are most minutely carved in stone, but unfortunately the subjects are less delicate than the workmanship. It would take too much space to enumerate some of these remarkable house-fronts. The town is so small that they are not hard to find as one strolls through its quaint, well-kept streets. A week may be very pleasantly spent here. The air is so pure and bracing that it reminded us of the moor at Ilkley; for Goslar is about 1000 ft. above sea-level, and the Kummelsberg—the highest of the surrounding hills—rises about 1000 ft. higher. And this is another point in favour of Goslar: it is, as I have said, surrounded by these Hartz



OLD HOUSES, GOSLAR.



THE ZWINGER, GOSLAR.



SOEST.

"mountains": but they are detached from one another, and fresh breezes reach the town from every quarter between the green hills. There are delightful walks on every side, and plenty of excursions can be made into the Hartz. Goslar makes an exploring point for the western Hartz, as Quedlinburg does for the eastern side of this region. Our favourite walk was up the Kummelsberg just before sunset. All round us were the quaint round-topped hills of the Hartz, chiefly green, but sometimes pine-clothed or reddening with heather. On the right the red-roofed town, with its massive towers and slender spires, lay at our feet, girdled with its belt of trees and gardens. Higher up we reached the edge of the hill, and looked down to the fishpond in the beautiful Herzberger valley. A soft olive green in the waning light, far away to the right, is the Brocken, and it is said that the view reaches Brunswick. While we climbed, the sun had gone to rest behind the hill opposite the Kummelsberg, on which it had left the reflection of its rich red glow. Almost it seemed as if there was fire within the huge scarified hill, for the Kummelsberg is defaced by the mining work carried on here for centuries. Gold and silver, copper and lead, as well as alum, sulphur, zinc, and vitriol, have all been found in these mines, which may be explored by adventurous travellers. Little precious metal is now found there, but at one time the reputation of the silver mine of the Kummelsberg added greatly to the importance of Goslar.

The view from the Steinberg, on the opposite side of Goslar, is more extended; but we found it a less interesting walk than the Kummelsberg. It seems, however, to be in greater favour with the people of Goslar.

South-west of this fascinating little town is an old Westphalian city called Soest. It has not the same charm as Goslar, and yet I fancy that all lovers of ancient architecture ought to see the wonderful churches of Soest. Several of them are Byzantine, notably St. Patroclus, the cathedral, and the little Hannchen church—this last is marvellously quaint, but unfortunately last autumn, when we saw it, some patches of colour had been discovered on its walls below the whitewash; and we heard that the church was to be restored, and these frescoes disclosed to view, so that there is no saying how long the primitive condition of the Hannchen Church may be spared. Then there is a lovely fourteenth-century church, called the Wiesen Church—St. Mary in the Meadows. This has been taken down and rebuilt, we were told, stone for stone. The colour of this church—and of all the many churches of Soest, for there are many others well worth seeing—is exquisite, a sort of opalesque green-grey. There is a quarry of this stone near the town, and it is said to harden and to deepen in colour by exposure, being soft when first dug out of the quarry. Its gardens are a chief feature of Soest, and there are some ancient houses with richly carved beams, and one very picturesque gateway still remains on the walls. In a square near the cathedral was the quaintest entrance to the house of an Apotheke—the inside of the porch a bright blue, in vivid contrast to the oleander blossom below it. Heinrich Aldegrever, one of the most famous of the little masters, was born and lived chiefly at Soest.

K. S. M.

NOVELS.

Marooned. By W. Clark Russell. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—The prince of all sea-story tellers is the author of "John Holdsworth, Mate," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "A Strange Voyage," and "The Golden Hope." Naval warfare, indeed, is not in his line, or the freaks and frolics ascribed to midshipmen on board English men-of-war, seventy or eighty years ago, which Captain Marryat and other novelists delightfully narrated. Mr. Clark Russell's maritime studies, the general truthfulness of which may be taken for granted, and which appear in scenes and incidents of unsurpassed vividness and descriptive force, occur in the navigation of merchant vessels, always the modern type of sailing vessels, fast clippers in private employ, sometimes for trade, but carrying two or three passengers, in other cases specially engaged as yachts on a particular romantic errand. No writer of fiction before him ever had such an exact and intimate knowledge of all the details of this kind of practical seamanship. No writer of fiction was ever so thoroughly acquainted with the realities of marine scenery, and the business of a ship of that class, in all the varying moods of the Atlantic Ocean; no one has approached his striking observation and powerful word-pictures of the changeable aspects of sea and sky, the effects of wind and weather, and especially of climate, the atmospheric phenomena of the marine horizon; or has so well enabled us to feel the sensations of people afloat, enclosed in a comparatively small vessel, unaided by steam, dependent not only for speed but even for safety on the sailor's vigilance and skill. But Mr. Clark Russell, besides his consummate acquaintance with the sea and seafaring life, has the higher qualifications of a great novelist: the dramatic imagination of characters, situations, passions, and actions, the talent of combining them and bringing them to an eventual result in the issue of affairs, the faculty, above all, of exciting personal interest in the behaviour and fortunes of his characters. In these most essential properties of fiction he is at least equal to any of his literary contemporaries, while they can be exercised, perhaps, with greater advantage in stories of maritime adventure, provided there be a young lady on board the ship, than in tales of commonplace domesticity, ordinary social civilities, formal manners, and conventional proprieties, among families residing in town or country ashore. The element of romance, which is sadly wanting in our home experiences, and for which some novelists endeavour to substitute that of crime and secret intrigue, seems to be amply supplied by Mr. Clark Russell's forcible representations of the perils and unforeseen chances of an ocean voyage. We need this element of imaginative entertainment; but the introspective consciousness, refined by the habits of the present age, will not be content with a mere narrative of storms and shipwrecks and escapes. It demands materials for the analysis of emotional experiences in strange and difficult positions. Mr. Clark Russell can also present these, as effectively as the landsman novelist; and his new story, relating the silent growth of a mutual affection between a brave man and a modest young woman, during some weeks of extreme hardship and danger shared by these two persons in utter separation from the rest of mankind, is a love-story of considerable moral interest. Miss Aurelia Grant, engaged to marry a commercial gentleman living at Rio de Janeiro, Alexander Fraser, is a passenger on board the Iron Crown, escorted by the cousin of her intended husband, Richard Musgrave, who has had some experience at sea; the ship is manned by an unruly crew, who mutiny and kill the mate, set the captain and others adrift in a boat, and leave the two passengers on a small uninhabited island. This last-mentioned act of cruelty, reputed in old times to be a frequent practice of pirates and buccaneers, is what has been called in the West Indies "marooning," a word probably of Spanish or Portuguese derivation. The unknown islet on which Mr. Musgrave and Miss Grant, with a scanty store of food and clothing, are abandoned to their fate, appears to be one of the numerous "cays" of the

Bahama group, at the north entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, the mutineers having altered the ship's course to enter that Gulf. It might have been thought, before reading the story, that this simple theme, comprised in the mutiny of the sailors, the "marooning" of the lady and gentleman, their contrivances to get shelter and subsistence, and the accidents which bring them means of deliverance, could hardly be extended to three volumes of substantial narrative. But the tale is not at all spun out or padded to undue proportions; for such is the author's fertility and vivacity of invention, and so minutely are the successive incidents related, nominally by Mr. Musgrave, that fresh interest is aroused by the occurrences of every day, and sometimes every hour. The behaviour of the hero and the heroine of this romance, in the first instance towards their insolent and treacherous persecutors, whose ruffianly conduct meets with stern opposition from him, and subsequently in their lonely position on the island, working cheerfully to provide for their needs and treating each other with delicate courtesy, is consistently maintained. Aurelia, beautiful and accomplished, of course, proves herself the bravest, truest, and most unselfish of young women; and Musgrave cannot help falling in love with her, though he long refrains, in loyalty to the trust imposed on him, from revealing his attachment to his cousin's promised bride. Getting possession of a boat, at length, in which two fugitive negroes, perishing of hunger and thirst, are cast on the isle, this interesting pair venture forth to sea: they are picked up, in desperate extremities, by a singular craft, a wretched little Nassau schooner, commanded by the funniest of mulatto skippers, transferred to a well-appointed Bristol trader, and safely brought home to England. All true lovers having our best wishes, it is satisfactory to add that this brave couple, when rescued and surrounded by friends, are enabled to see the rightfulness of a happy union, fairly earned by their partnership in such extraordinary toils and perils. The cousin at Rio is not implacably vindictive, and finds himself another wife.

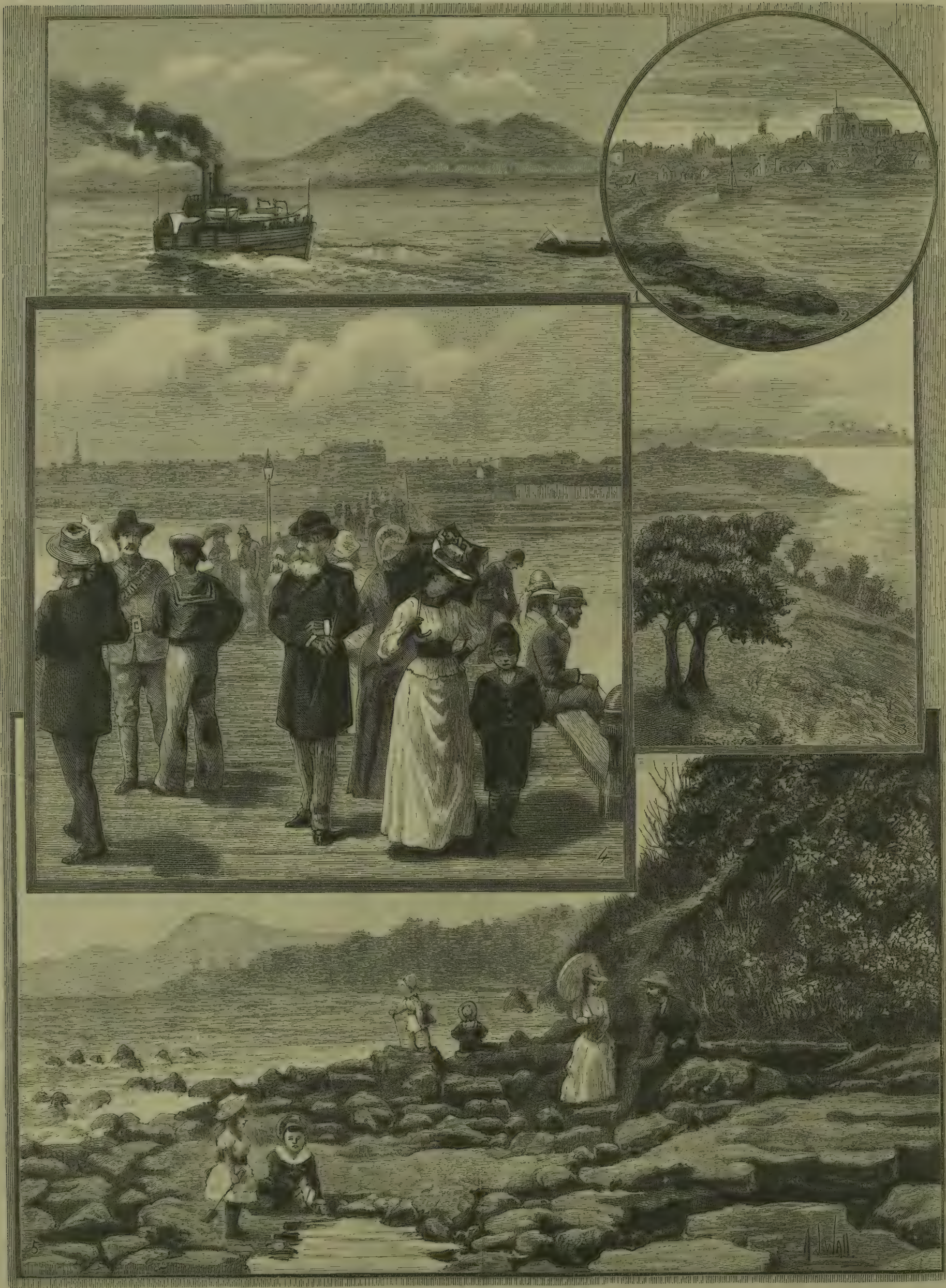
Prince Roderick. By James Brinsley-Richards. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—In this clever and entertaining romance of a South German Royal Court, the author has made skilful use of some of the incidents attending the eccentric life and the sad death of the late King Louis II. of Bavaria, but has constructed an entirely original story, to which no objection can be taken, as might be feared, on the ground of its being a travesty of the really deplorable event. It is not Prince Roderick of Kronheim, the fantastic amateur of artistic and poetical self-indulgence, the capricious, egotistic, yet gallant and high-spirited dreamer of ideal beauty and magnificence, scorning the business of State, and obstinately secluding his person in an artificial paradise of refined imaginative taste, who comes to a tragical end. The disaster of June 13, 1886, which took place at the island Castle or Palace of Berg on the Wurmsee or Starnberg Lake, twenty miles from Munich, has its counterpart in this fictitious tale; but it is another Prince, Wolfgang, cousin to Roderick, who, being manifestly insane, drowns himself and his medical attendant, very much in the same manner as King Louis, with his physician Dr. Von Gudden, actually perished. Neither Roderick nor Wolfgang of Kronheim is a reigning Sovereign; the throne is occupied by old King Franz, uncle to Roderick and father-in-law to Wolfgang; but there is a design among the courtiers and politicians of this kingdom to procure the enactment of a law of succession in accordance with party interests. The Salic Law renders it doubtful whether the old King's infant grandson, the child of his daughter Princess Ursula and of Prince Wolfgang, should inherit the Crown in preference to the King's nephew. A party, headed by Count Hochort, the astute Prime Minister, and naturally favoured by the King, who disapproves of Prince Roderick's behaviour, has long been intriguing to get this doubt removed by express legislation; and with that purpose in view no pains are spared to aggravate the unpopularity of Roderick, to lead or drive him into wilder extravagances, and to defame his personal character by all the arts of slander. It will be observed that these fictitious circumstances are totally unlike the real position of the late King of Bavaria, who succeeded his father in 1864, and who in 1870 bore an important part, as the most efficient Federal ally of Prussia, in the great French war, and in the proclamation of the German Empire. The Prince Roderick of our present concern is a much younger man, an unfairly treated member of the Royal family, an heir presumptive whose title may be defeated, and the object of unjust enmity and scandalous persecution. We are easily led, therefore, to regard him with much sympathy, notwithstanding his capricious moods and curious tricks of that kind of finesse, almost suggestive of duplicity, which is sometimes resorted to by persons of high station to guard against the suspected treachery of those about them. It is the besetting misery of Kings, Emperors, and Princes to contract these habits of artifice and secrecy, if not dissimulation, from their persuasion of the untrustworthy, venal, time-serving disposition of courtiers and servants, in whom they see a crowd of spies and betrayers. Prince Roderick, however, is happy to obtain, in his private secretary Captain Ferdinand Meredith, an honest English gentleman, the supposed narrator of all the affairs of Kronheim, with which, in a matrimonial point of view, other English people are largely mixed up. One of these, Miss Isabel Meadows, daughter of Lord and Lady Springfield, is the heroine at least in such a degree as Prince Roderick may be admitted to be the hero. But he, with all his interesting qualities and lofty aspirations, is by no means a model lover. Though not so grossly profligate as his malicious calumniators pretend, he maintains a favourite opera-singer, and has long shunned or dreaded the proposals of marriage which are either prompted by mercenary motives, or by insidious designs to render him less eligible for the throne. He is nevertheless engaged in secret negotiations for the hand of a Princess Blanche, connected with the Imperial family of Germany, until his heart is captivated by Miss Meadows, whose mother, a desperately ambitious and shameless matchmaker, has brought her to the foreign Court. The King and Count Hochort are not unwilling to allow Roderick to espouse this young lady, in the morganatic style, on condition of his renouncing all claim to the throne; but Miss Meadows, resenting this condition as an indignity and an injury to the Prince himself, runs away from the country, and from her mother, assisted by Captain Meredith, going home to her father in London. The Captain, who frankly tells us all, is not unsuspceptible of tender admiration for his accomplished countrywoman, having recently been forbidden to continue his addresses to his first love, Miss Davenant, because he is only a half-pay cavalry officer with little private income and no expectations. But he soon falls a victim to the wiles of reckless and impudent flirtation with which Princess Dot, or Dorothea, the sister of Prince Roderick, chooses to divert her vain and vagrant fancy. This highborn lady, who is utterly devoid of modesty and honesty, merely plays with the unwary Englishman, despising the risk of a scandal, to revenge herself for being condemned to marry the foolish Grand Duke of Weniggeld. Prince Roderick, taking no notice of his sister's behaviour, surrounds himself with mystery, in his beautiful sequestered palace on the Grünsee lake, delighting in music,

pageants, masquerades, and private theatricals, and in solitary rides over the mountains, and writing a tremendous book of political essays and memoirs, which, if published, would offend all Sovereigns and statesmen. He treats Captain Meredith with friendly courtesy and seeming confidence; but his doings are so changeable and unaccountable as to cause much anxiety, which is terribly enhanced by an attempt, one stormy night during a wild journey in the forest, to assassinate the Prince. A faithful servant, Tristan, perhaps mistaken for the Prince, is shot dead by a man using the Prince's own particular rifle. Rumours are cunningly promulgated that Roderick has gone mad and slain his own follower to conceal some disgraceful secret. The Prince, annoyed and embarrassed in other ways, absents himself from home on a visit to England, bringing Meredith to London. Invited by the Queen to Windsor, he there meets Princess Blanche, renews his suit to her, and is at first received with favour, but accusations contrived against him deprive him of that august alliance. Meredith is sent back to Germany on urgent business, arrives at Sabelburg, the capital of the Prince's country, on the night of an election riot in the city streets, is accidentally mixed up with the mob, is arrested by the police, and is detained a whole month in prison, undergoing frequent examinations to discover every detail of Prince Roderick's life. When released, after the nuptials of Princess Dorothea and the Grand Duke, which were an important State affair, he learns that Roderick has privately married Miss Meadows, at Brighton, and they have started for Vienna, travelling under another name. He is bidden to join them, which he does, finding them very happy together, with a Bulgarian deputation offering to Roderick the Elective Sovereignty which Prince Alexander of Battenberg relinquished. The scenes that follow this stage in the history, the descriptions of Hungary, Buda-Pesth, the road through Servia, Nisch, Pirot, Sofia, and Philippopolis, are vividly presented, and recent transactions have given them a special value. A murderous pursuer, a fearful attack by wolves, finally a combat with Macedonian brigands, led by the Montenegrin assassin who had been dismissed from the Prince's household, furnish plenty of strong sensation. The death of Isabel in this savage affray, leaving her husband, after all, no disconsolate mourner, but driving him to renounce schemes of Eastern adventure, coincides with news from his partisans in Germany, now in power, assuring his prospects of the throne. This result has been effected, of course, by the insanity and suicide of Prince Wolfgang, upon which Roderick becomes the acknowledged heir of the Kingdom, and Princess Blanche will share his future reign, enjoying the good graces of the Imperial Court at Berlin. Whether any such things might be possible in the present situation of any of the minor German monarchies and principalities, we cannot undertake to say. But as a picture of their Court social life, of the habits and manners of the princely and courtly classes, and of their peculiar standard of morality, this novel does not go beyond the writings of many German authors, from Jean Paul to Auerbach and others in our own day.

A Summer in a Dutch Country-house. By Mrs. Arthur Traherne. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—In this pleasing narrative of an English young lady's visit to her Dutch aunt and uncle and three cousins, the family of a retired General of noble rank, living at the Château of Lindendaal, near Breda, the personal incidents have an air of fiction; but it is, perhaps, less a story written for the sake of imaginative entertainment than one designed as a framework for descriptions of rural domestic life in Holland. In either way, it is an agreeable and profitable book to read, with little plot or combination of events towards an exciting crisis, but with a succession of quietly changing scenes, friendly greetings, and interesting talks, and observations of foreign habits and manners, affording fresh materials for reflection. Miss Alma Rushton, with her maid Jane, crossing from Dover to Ostend, sojourns at Antwerp several weeks, enduring at first some annoyance in ill-kept lodgings; she presently travels on to Dutch Brabant, and is there hospitably received by her mother's sister, the Countess, by the good old Count, and the amiable girls, Isabel, Marguerite, and Ella, with whom she converses in French. There are pleasant walks and rides, picnic parties in the woods, and visits from the country neighbours; and she learns to esteem the Dutch young ladies for their gentle manners and solid domestic virtues. She also, before coming away, obtains a worthy Dutch husband, Count Anton, who is an excellent specimen of the national character; but the main value of these incidents is the light which they throw on feminine domestic duties.

AUSTRALIAN SEASIDE RESORTS.

The large and populous city of Melbourne, though not situated exactly on the open sea-coast, but at the head of the spacious land-locked inlet called Port Phillip, which is forty miles long and about forty miles wide, enjoys ready access to marine shores for the recreation of its townfolk. Hobson's Bay, which receives the Yarra, the river and port of Melbourne, at the northern extremity of Port Phillip, has Williamstown on a peninsula of its south-west shore, distant from Melbourne about nine miles by rail; Sandridge, or Port Melbourne, is on the opposite shore of the bay; at each of these two places is a town of 11,000 or 13,000 inhabitants, with piers for shipping, building-yards, and factories; Williamstown has also a fine graving-dock, and there are railways along both shores of the bay. St. Kilda, on the east shore, is a suburb of Melbourne, with a population of nearly 17,000, and is a fashionable place of residence; it has a fine marine promenade and pier, good facilities for sea-bathing, and a large public park. Cable tramcars, for threepence, carry passengers into the city, a distance of three miles and a half. Farther down the east shore is Brighton, which lies more open to the sea-breezes, and has a dry sandy soil, making it an excellent health-resort; and the railway is continued to Sandringham, a little farther south, which has similar advantages of position. These places belong to the immediate neighbourhood of Melbourne; but a cheap and pleasant steam-boat trip from that city to Geelong, or a railway journey of two hours, brings the visitor to the shores of Corio Bay, the western inlet of Port Phillip. Geelong flourishes not only as a large trading and manufacturing town, which we lately described in commenting on one of the sketches of our special artist, Mr. Melton Prior; it has also some attractions as a seaside place of sojourn, and its parks and botanical gardens are especially agreeable. At the narrow entrance from the ocean into the great basin of Port Phillip, thirty-two miles south of Melbourne across the water, is the little town of Queenscliff, on a small peninsula called Shortland's Bluff, connected by an isthmus with the mainland. The opening here between Point Lonsdale and Point Nepean is 4000 yards wide, but the navigable channel, called the Rip, has a width of 1600 yards only, and the tide rushes through it with a very swift current. Fortifications and batteries are here erected to defend the entrance into Port Phillip, which could be made impregnable, by laying torpedoes, in case of war. Our other Sketches represent some cliffs of the outer coast.



1. The You-Yang.

2. Queenscliff.

3. Schnapper Point.

4. St. Kilda.

5. Sandringham.

SEASIDE RESORTS OF AUSTRALIA.



COVETED FRUITS.



A WARM RECEPTION.



CONVULSION AND DEFEAT.



"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."



1. The Tower of Victory, Chittore.

2. Water Palace, Oodeypore.

3. The Maharana Fratch Singh, of Oodeypore.

4. Her Majesty's Mail.

5. Travelling by Dawk in the Desert.

SKETCHES OF OODEYPORE AND RAJPUTANA.

MUSIC.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

This triennial event recurred on Oct. 9 and three following days. These celebrations are of more recent origin than our other provincial festivals—those of the three choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester (the oldest of such institutions), and those of Birmingham and Norwich. The first of the Leeds Festivals was held in 1858, the second having occurred in 1874, since which time they have taken place triennially. Like other provincial celebrations of the kind, the Leeds Festivals have a benevolent purpose, the profits of these going to the hospitals of the locality. Berlioz's "Faust" music was selected for the opening performance this year. The work has been made so familiar in this country during recent years that no comment on it can now be required. It is, and will probably remain, the most attractive of all its composer's productions.

The scheme of the festival just held also included several new works—Mr. F. C. Corder's cantata "The Sword of Argantyr"; Dr. Creser's cantata "The Sacrifice of Freia"; Dr. Mackenzie's new violin solo, entitled "Pibroch"; Dr. Parry's setting of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"; and Dr. Stanford's ballad for solos, chorus, and orchestra, "The Voyage of Maeldune." These and other performances took place too late for present notice, and must be referred to hereafter. The list of solo vocalists included the names of Mesdames Albani and Valleria, Misses Macintyre, Fillunger, H. Wilson, and Damian; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. I. McKay, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. W. Mills, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. Brereton—the office of conductor having been assigned to Sir Arthur Sullivan, as at the three previous festivals. The band was on a very full and complete scale, and the powerful chorus (always a special feature at these celebrations) comprised those Yorkshire choristers who have long since acquired celebrity by their grand vocal tone, and their thorough training and efficiency under the direction of Mr. Broughton. The names of the principal solo vocalists, already given, are sufficient to indicate that this department was worthy of the occasion.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre are prolonging their successful course beyond the period originally contemplated. A recent classical night included effective orchestral performances of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger," and a movement from Spohr's third symphony. Miss F. Waud gave a brilliant rendering of Listz's Hungarian Fantasia, and the programme comprised a violoncello solo by Mr. E. Howell, and vocal pieces

rendered by Nikita, Madame Patey, and Mr. W. Clifford. The engagement of Signor Arditi as conductor having ended, Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe has assumed the office which he has skilfully exercised in several former seasons. On Oct. 5 the performances included a descriptive piece entitled "The Battle of Waterloo," in which several military bands were associated with the regular orchestra; familiar national tunes being effectively introduced. The piece is said to have been composed, some half-century ago, by Eckersberg, for the band of the 4th (Irish) Royal Dragoons, stringed instruments having recently been added to the score. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and other attractive features were included in the concert referred to. The prolongation of the series of these concerts—in consequence of their great success—has caused the abandonment of the intended occupation of Covent-Garden Theatre by Signor Lago for Italian operatic performances previous to Christmas. The concerts going on contemporaneously at Her Majesty's Theatre add to the supply of musical performances attracting Londoners and visitors previous to the resumption of important autumn and winter concerts. Recent programmes at the Haymarket opera-house have included pieces of various schools, both in the classical and popular styles. Several eminent vocalists have contributed to the programmes, and the brilliant performances of Herr Schönberger (pianist) and M. Tivadar Nachez (violinist) are among the many attractions of the concerts.

Young Otto Hegner—the wondrous boy-pianist—recently gave two of the series of farewell concerts at St. James's Hall previous to his approaching departure for America. On the first of these occasions he played Weber's "Concertstück," with orchestra, the orchestral portions of which were rendered by the band of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, which was heard also in overtures by Mendelssohn and Balfe, and an entracte by Massenet. In unaccompanied solos by Chopin and Mendelssohn, young Hegner's admirable qualities of style and execution were again notably displayed. The second concert (on Oct. 5) was a recital, in which young Hegner was heard alone, in pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Tausig, and some clever solos of the pianist's own composition. Of his subsequent performances we must speak hereafter.

"The Castle of Como," the new opera recently produced at the Opéra Comique Theatre (in the Strand), is the composition of Major G. Cockle, a gentleman who, although (we believe) an amateur, has pursued the study of music with the ardour and application of a professional student. He has taken his degree at Oxford as Mus. Bac. The book of his opera has

been written by the late Mr. C. Searle, who has freely founded it on "The Lady of Lyons," which has before been used for a similar purpose by Mr. Cowen in his opera "Pauline." In the case now specially referred to some additions have been made by the composer. The opera consists of three acts, in each of which are pieces for solo voices—separate and concerted—and choruses. The list of the company includes the names of Misses R. Isidor, Verity, De Vernet, Vito, and A. Martin; and Messrs. R. Clarke, Cadwaladr, Macarthy, D. Balfe, H. Pope, and L. Stormont, some of these artists being engaged to appear on different occasions in the characters assigned to them. The members of the company apparently exert their best efforts in music that offers but little opportunity for effective display. With a few incidental phrases of stereotyped prettiness, there is a general crudeness and baldness of style, a want of constructive skill, and—apparently—inexperience in the command of varied orchestral effects, that indicate the youthful amateur rather than the matured student. New scenery and picturesque dresses have been provided, there is a sufficiently competent and numerous orchestra, and a chorus of proportionate strength; the performance being carefully directed by Signor Cav. Coronaro, deputy conductor of La Scala, Milan. With some considerable reduction in the length of "The Castle of Como" there will be a corresponding diminution of musical monotony, the prevalence of which neither admits of nor justifies much specific detail. Among the few effective numbers of the score were the quartet in the second act and the tenor song for Claude in the following act.

Mr. Michael Watson, well known as a prolific and successful composer of songs and other pieces, died recently. He was a man of general accomplishment, literary and artistic as well as musical. Another recent death was that of Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, who was for many years associated with the *Musical World*, for which publication he produced some excellent translations. He also wrote several English librettos, besides, we believe, German dramas for the Brunswick Court Theatre.




The Park and Open Spaces Committee of the London County Council report that they will be able to save over £1000 a year by dispensing, in certain parks and gardens, with the Metropolitan police-constables, and substituting men in uniform appointed and paid direct by the Council. This will apply to Finsbury, Southwark, Battersea, and Clissold Parks, and the Victoria Embankment and Leicester-square Gardens.



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SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's, Green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888:—

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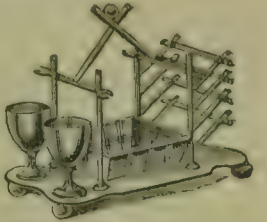
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For Wills and Bequests, see page 478; Ladies' Column, page 480; Foreign News, page 482.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Fife, of the general disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 10, 1863) of Mr. James Cant, of Ore Bridge, Thornton, county Fife, chemical manufacturer, who died on July 9 last, granted to Mrs. Janet Elizabeth Isles or Cant, the widow and sole executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £216,000.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1884), with three codicils (dated May 5, 1886; Feb. 10, 1887; and Feb. 23, 1889), of Mr. William Wells, J.P. and D.L., late of Holme Wood, Huntingdonshire, who died on May 1 last, at his town residence, No. 12, North Audley-street, was proved on Sept. 28 by Lord Brooke, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator gives his leasehold house in North Audley-street, with the furniture and effects (except his plate and certain pictures), his stables in Providence-row, his carriages and horses, £1000, an annuity of £500, and a further annuity of £200 on the expiration of the lease of the said house, to his wife, Lady Louisa Wells, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement. She is also to have such other of his furniture and effects as she may select with the approval of his trustees, and the use of half of his plate for life. Subject to the life interest in one half given to his wife, his plate and the pictures, of which he gives a list, including twenty-six by Sir E. Landseer, are made heirlooms, to go with Holme Wood. The remainder of his furniture and effects is to be held, upon trust, so that his brother, Grenville Granville Wells, can have the use for life, and then they are to go to the person who succeeds to the settled estate. There are legacies to his executor, nephews and nieces, and bailiff. Holme Wood, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for the income to be applied for the support and maintenance of his said brother and his wife and children, and at his brother's death he settles the same upon his eldest son, Grenville Hylton Wells. The deceased was formerly M.P. for Beverley, and afterwards for Peterborough.

The will (dated May 11, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 15, 1889), of Mr. James Chaloner West, formerly of Springmere, Keswick-road, Putney, and late of Montebello, Thrale-road, Streatham, in the county of London, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 25 by George Gibbs and Herbert Ford Poulter, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator

bequeaths all the furniture and effects at his residence, £100, and £350 per annum during widowhood, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Louisa Georgina West; an annuity of £20 to his sister, Mrs. Ann Poulter; and £250 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two children, Harold West and Lilian Day West.

The will (dated June 21, 1887), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1889), of Miss Ellen Ansted, late of Brooklands, Landford, Wilts, who died on July 2 last, was proved on Sept. 27 by the Rev. Joseph Boord Ansted and Danby Stevens Christopher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testatrix gives £1000 and an annuity of £200 to the said Rev. J. B. Ansted, and the annuity, on his death, is to be paid to his wife, if she survive him; her furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £10,000, in addition to other gifts, to the said Danby Stevens Christopher, and it is her wish that he shall himself use her carriage horses, and use his best endeavours to have them kindly treated; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives and servants. She also bequeaths £1000 to the Governesses' Institution; £100 each to the Clergy Orphan Society, the Salisbury Infirmary, the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children, and the British Home for Incurables (Clapham-rise); £50 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Clergy Relief Corporation, and the Diocesan Institute for Trained Nurses (Salisbury); and £20 each to the City of London Lying-in Hospital and the Universal Benevolent Institution (Soho-square).

The will (dated July 25, 1888) of Mr. George Deacon, late of the Chestnuts, Mulgrave-road, Sutton, Surrey, who died on Sept. 8, at Tunbridge Wells, was proved, on Sept. 28, by Mrs. Jane Hagger, the daughter, and John Henry Hagger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, upon trust, for each of his grandchildren Henry Deacon Hagger, George John Hagger, and Albert James Hagger; and a few other legacies. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Hagger, for life, then for his son-in-law John Henry Hagger, for life, and then for the children or remoter issue of his daughter as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated June 7, 1888), with a codicil (dated on the following day), of Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Froom, 6th Regiment Inniskilling Dragoons, late of No. 29, Bury-street, St. James's, who died on Feb. 4 last, at Pietermaritzburg, Natal,

was proved on Sept. 26 by Major George Froom, the brother, and Charles Bayley Franks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor, Mr. Franks, and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Kathleen Froom, for life, and then for his children. In default of children, he gives £500 each to his brother, Henry Froom, and his sister, Mrs. Emma Franks, and the ultimate residue to his brother George.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1867) of Lieutenant-General George Thomas Field, R.A., late of No. 3, Wellesley-road, Dover, who died on Aug. 30 last, at Canterbury, was proved on Sept. 4 by Mrs. Caroline Henrietta Field, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £7000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The introductory evening lecture at King's College was delivered by Mr. J. W. Hales, M.A., Professor of Literature at the College, on a subject of special interest to Londoners, "London and its Literary Memories." Two modes of systematic study of such associations were suggested and illustrated. The first, the minute exploration of some particular district, was illustrated by reference to the Strand, once the home of several Bishops; later on, the site of such historic houses as Somerset House, Norfolk House, Essex House, and the Savoy Palace. The second mode of study, to follow the London career of some great figure in literature or history, was illustrated by tracing the lives in London of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Dr. Johnson—that Londoner of Londoners.

Oct. 4 was the closing day of the Edinburgh University gathering. The programme included lectures by Professor Geikie, Professor Calderwood, Professor Mackinnon, Professor Nicholson, Professor Geddes, and Dr. G. Sims Woodhead, and excursions to the Museum of Science and Art, the Antiquarian Museum, the Geographical Institution, and the Art Museum of the University. At night a meeting was held in the Humanity Class-Room. Professor Calderwood presided. Mr. D. Phillips, S.C., made a statement as to the attendance and finance of the gathering. About 5000 tickets had been sold for special lectures, but only one hundred season tickets, so that the income would not meet the expenditure. Professor Geddes (Dundee) moved that it be remitted to the business committee to consider whether the gathering should be held next year.

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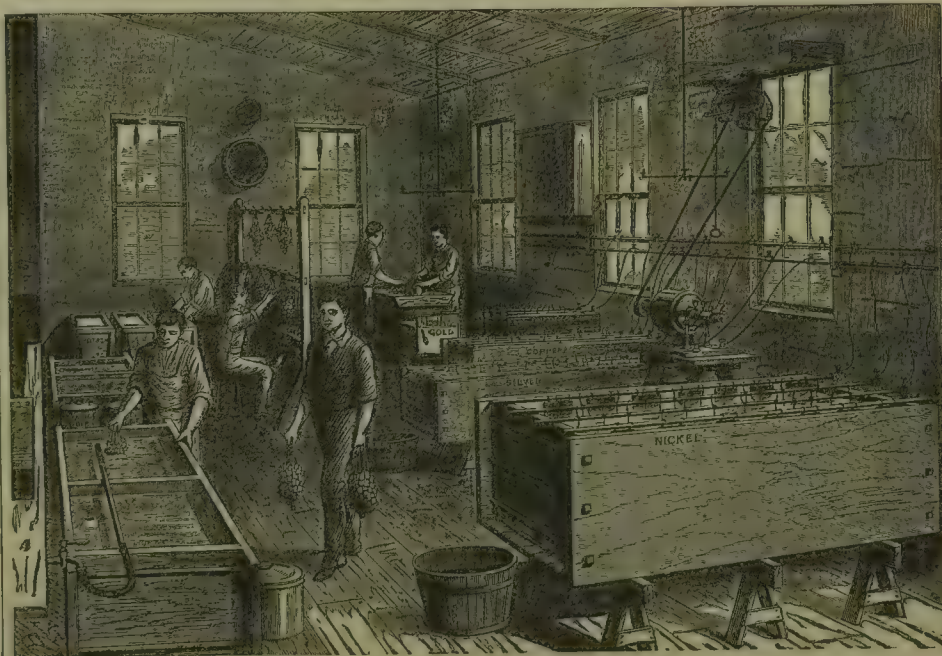
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Whether it is most sad to die just before the world has granted its recognition to the worker, or to live through and far beyond a delicious summer day of fame and to die amid the cold snows of oblivion? Whether it is better for thinkers and poets to "die with all their music in them," or to utter all that it has been given them to say, to hear it re-echoed from a million hearts, and then to stand still while the sound dies away, till a new unhearing generation splits its sides over the ridiculous idea that ever that broken lyre and those stiffened fingers made songs that the world cared to stop to hear? Whom shall say? If "The fame that follows death is nothing to us," even hope can give but small compensation to the youthful artist dying with his career half unfulfilled. And if "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," then memory can be but a scant recompense to the old in the day of neglect.

Two literary women have lately passed away who illustrate these diverse fates. Amy Levey has died at twenty-seven, having merely shown promise for the future; and Eliza Cook, at more than the full age of man, having entirely outlived a popular fame, which was greater in its day than that ever enjoyed by any other English poetess. She made the songs of a generation: to-day, the pert, self-satisfied children of those who admired her find it difficult to express their contempt for her lyrics.

Such has been the tone taken by the obituary notices. It is not just. Eliza Cook never aspired to the higher walks of her art. Perhaps it was not in her to do so; perhaps, and more probably, it was because in her day public feeling was against such attempts on the part of any woman. At all events, she never essayed those high flights of thought to the upper atmosphere that were successfully attempted by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But what Eliza Cook set forth to do, she did well. Her songs are of the domestic, placid affections, the everyday hard-wearing virtues, the associations of the fireside, the pets of the hearth. Poor things to rhyme about, no doubt, in the estimation of the admirers of the spasmodic and hysterical sentiment of the popular songs of to-day; but perhaps not so entirely without their poetic and interesting aspects. However, Eliza Cook had outlived her time, and the poetess of "The Songs my Mother Sings," "The Old Arm-Chair," "The Little Red Shoes," "Dog Tray," "The Generous Heart," "Never Hold Malice," and "Law and Justice" was no more than a name already to most of the readers of this generation.

Amy Levey, on the other hand, was essentially a girl of this era—sharp, sarcastic, critical, and with an abiding sense of being "in the foremost files of time." She was a Jewess, but she had abandoned the creed of her fathers without putting on that of her Gentile neighbours. She was educated at Newnham College, and while there wrote her first work. Her books are merciless photographs of the inner life of the Jews of London: portraits so uncompromising that one feels that they are correct to nature, though one does not know the

subjects. But all her work so far had been merely clever sketching. "Reuben Sachs" is her best story—the most sustained and complete; but it is only 'prentice work, after all, though it is so clever that one knows as one reads that this hand, if it be thoroughly trained, will hereafter produce first-class work. Well, it is all over! Amy Levey has died, and her work is done. Her remains have been cremated, by her own wish, and the ashes interred in a Jewish cemetery.

Some of her latest work appeared in the *Woman's World*. I am sorry to hear that this interesting magazine is losing its cultured editor, Mr. Oscar Wilde; as a consequence of which it will take a more "popular" tone. Mr. Wilde in the *Woman's World* made a brave attempt to represent all the more refined and thoughtful side of womanly interests. Such a magazine, however, labours under the same difficulty as a Lady Artists' Exhibition, and the like. That is, that the best work of the most capable women is sure to be given to the general public, and not to the more restricted circle. Just as the best paintings of the foremost women artists will go to the Academy, or the Grosvenor, or the New Gallery, so the most important work of the best women-writers will be sent by preference to the journals that "everybody reads." The successful "Ladies' papers"—the *Lady's Pictorial* and the *Queen*—are essentially newspapers, which give information on those subjects that are exclusively feminine, as the *Field* or the *Country Gentleman* do on matters specifically masculine. But the great human interests transcend sex limitations, and will not be most successfully dealt with under such conditions as exclusively "women's papers." I doubt, therefore, if it be possible for anybody to succeed with a magazine "for ladies" which deals with general subjects. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilde's resignation will be widely regretted.

That was a very disquieting case a week or two ago in which a man was fined for cruelty in letting a horse travel in an unfit state, and it was shown in evidence that the poor diseased animal was being conveyed to Belgium to be turned into "extract of beef." The various forms of beef essence are now very largely employed in cookery. A small quantity added to a tureen of soup gives the same richness of meaty flavour that a large allowance of gravy beef affords, and at a very much less expense. But this painful revelation as to the source of the stock must "give pause" to the anxious house-keeper. There is a fine field open to one of the various companies engaged in the manufacture of these pastes and fluids. If any one of them will place on its pots a certificate, accompanied by a declaration of willingness to forfeit a large sum (say £500) if it be proved untrue, that the particular extract in that pot is prepared from sound beef alone, it would at once quiet our minds and secure our custom.

Meantime, an Act of Parliament comes into operation on New Year's Day next designed to regulate, and therefore, under certain conditions, to legalise, the sale of horse-flesh for food. Any butcher or refreshment dealer who sells horse-meat is to exhibit a notice above his shop, stating that he does so. The notice is to be visible by night as well as by day if

the sale be continued after dark. It is also made penal (and it is curious to learn that it has not heretofore been so) to sell horse-flesh as ox-beef.

This measure was passed as a consequence of its becoming known that in a market in a poor part of Manchester horse-flesh was habitually sold when beef was asked for. One would have supposed that this was a fraud on the purchaser, and therefore illegal. But it appears it was not. Henceforward it will be so. It remains to be seen whether local authorities will enforce the law, and, if they do, whether the result will be to make horse-meat a recognised article of diet. The difficulty about it is that a horse is only killed, as the Irishman said of his sick pig, "to save the poor baste the trouble of dying." If there were as much reason to believe that the animal was young and healthy, as there is in the case of beef, I do not know why horse-meat should not be equally wholesome and equally welcome with beef, and a great deal more so than pork. But all these things are governed by prejudice. "So we partake because we so were bred," as well as believe.

Lady Dilke's name has been removed from the list of voters for the County Council for Surrey, on the ground that she is a married woman. This action has been taken by the Revising Barrister. It is, however, doubtful if it is legal. There exists, it is true, a decision of the Court of Queen's Bench that a married woman may not vote for a Town Councillor, but that decision was given prior to the passing of the last Married Women's Property Act, which completely altered the status of English wives. Under that Act a married woman is entitled to exercise all the rights of property "as though she were single." Voting is a right of property, and there is no apparent reason why a married woman having the property qualification in her own right should not exercise the privilege which appertains to it. Under the old law, a married woman could not own property, and, therefore, could not exercise any franchises which depended on owning property. That incapacity to own property was the chief point in what was known as "coverture." Now that the disability has been removed, and a married woman is no longer "covered," but is a separate person before the law in every respect, is there any ground for her being refused the votes which if she were single would undeniably attach to her property? This question is open to legal discussion. Wanted, a married woman with means and courage to obtain a decision, that we may know our position!—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The marriage of the Hon. Hugh Gough, First Secretary of Legation at Stockholm, elder son of Viscount Gough, with Lady Georgiana Pakenham, elder daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Longford, was solemnised in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Oct. 5. The bridesmaids were Lady Katherine Pakenham, sister of the bride; Ladies Frances and Louisa Cecil, Miss Aileen and Miss Oonah Conolly, cousins of the bride; and Misses Irene and Kathleen Gough, nieces of the bridegroom. Mr. Welby was the best man. The bride arrived at the church at half past two o'clock, accompanied by the Earl of Longford, who gave her away.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The results of all the elections are known in Paris, and, as the Colonies are almost certain to send Republicans, it is now calculated that the new Chamber will consist of 364 Republicans; the Opposition numbering 211, composed of 104 Royalists, 60 Bonapartists, and 47 Boulangists—a close approximation to the strength of parties before the dissolution. The Congress of the International Geodetic Association was opened on Oct. 4 at the Foreign Office, Paris. M. Spuller welcomed the delegates. France has lost one more of her famous Generals. At the age of eighty, General Lebrun, well known for his heroic defence of Bazeilles, in the Franco-German War, has just passed away. M. Jules Dupré, a distinguished landscape-painter, has also just died.

After an absence of nearly three months, Queen Christina and her children have returned to Madrid. The King and his sisters are much benefited in health by their stay in the Basque Provinces.

A hurricane has swept over Sardinia. Almost 800 houses were wrecked, most of them being entirely demolished, as if by an earthquake. One village was wholly ruined by the storm and consequent floods. The number of killed is estimated at thirty, while the injured exceed one hundred.

The Prince of Wales took part in a Royal hunt at Fredensborg on Oct. 2; but the King of Denmark, the Czar, and the Grand Dukes decided at the last moment not to join in the chase. The Czar, Czarina, and their children attended service in the Russian Church, Copenhagen, on Sunday, the 6th. The Prince and Princess of Wales, their sons and daughters, attended service at St. Alban's Church. The Czar subsequently gave a *déjeuner* on board the Derjava to the English Royal family. At two o'clock the Russian and English Royal families proceeded in the Imperial yacht *Czarevna* to Humlebæk, en route to Fredensborg. The King gave a grand court hunt on the 8th in honour of his distinguished guests, the party including his Majesty, the Crown Prince, the Czar, and the Prince of Wales.—Mr. MacDonell, the British Minister at

Copenhagen, gave a dinner on the 2nd to all the officers of the British Channel Squadron now there.—On the 7th the Danish Rigsdag was opened, when M. Liebe, the former President of the Landsting, and M. Hogsbroe, the President of the Folkething, were re-elected to those posts. The Budget was submitted to the Folkething on the 8th. The revenue is estimated at 55,000,000 kroner, and the expenditure at 59,000,000 kroner. The deficit of 4,000,000 kroner is the result of outlay on new railways.

The last returns of the central statistical bureau at Stockholm give the population of Sweden at the end of 1888 as 4,748,257, against 4,717,189 at the end of 1887. The rural population amounted to 3,888,049, and the urban to 860,208, but the latter is increasing steadily. The number of males was 2,301,104, and of females 2,447,153.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany returned to Berlin from Schwerin on Oct. 4. On the 8th the Emperor went to Kiel to give a Royal greeting to the British Channel Squadron, and was received by Admiral Von der Goltz, Commander of the German Fleet, and the other heads of departments. His Majesty lunched with the naval officers of the port at their casino, and then proceeded to inspect the ironclad *Siegfried*, which was lately launched. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at Berlin from Coburg on the 5th. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the railway station by Sir Edward Malet and the staffs of the British and Russian Embassies. From the station they drove in one of the Emperor's carriages to the palace of the Empress Frederick, whose guests they remain during their sojourn in Berlin. The Duke and Duchess paid a visit to the Emperor next day, and afterwards went to Ludwigslust to see the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

We hear from Vienna that a magnificent orphanage has been opened at Innsbruck. It has been built and endowed wholly at the expense of a private philanthropist, Herr Von Sieberer, who gave one million florins for the purpose. Herr Von Sieberer has refused to accept any decoration or other

official reward for his generosity. His orphanage was opened, however, by Archduke Charles Louis and Count Taaffe.

The King and Queen of Greece, with the other members of the Royal family, arrived at Athens on Oct. 5, in preparation for the approaching marriage of the Duke of Sparta with Princess Sophie, daughter of the Empress Frederick. Their Majesties had a most cordial reception. Immediately upon his arrival at the palace his Majesty signed the decree convoking the Greek Parliament for Oct. 21.

We learn from St. Petersburg that a treaty of commerce between Russia and Japan has been concluded.

The American International Congress adjourned on Oct. 2, to assemble at Washington on Nov. 18. In the evening Secretary Blaine gave the delegates a dinner, at which no speeches were delivered beyond the single toast which he proposed at its conclusion, "The Perpetual Friendship and Prosperity of all American States." The delegates left Washington next morning for an excursion.—The first elections in the four new States just admitted to the Union were held on Oct. 1. In North Dakota, South Dakota, and Washington the Republicans have been victorious, electing State officials and members of Congress and of the Legislature. The return of two Republican representatives of each State in the Senate at Washington is thus assured. Montana, on the other hand, has been carried by the Democrats. In all four States the Woman Suffrage platform was rejected, as was also the Liquor Prohibition law, with the exception of South Dakota, where there were indications of its being carried.—When the passenger-steamer *Corona* was off Port Hudson, in the Mississippi River, her boilers exploded, and forty persons were killed and several others injured.

A number of commercial travellers assembled at the Mansion House on Oct. 5, and presented to the Lord Mayor a bust of himself in white marble, executed by Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., which had been subscribed for by a thousand commercial travellers.

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common ailments, do serious mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing

Before it is too late, let us advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although possibly affording slight temporary relief in certain ailments, do serious mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing

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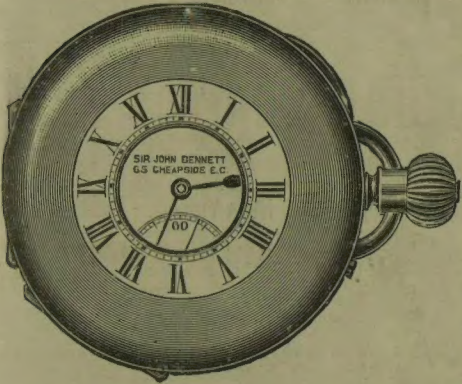
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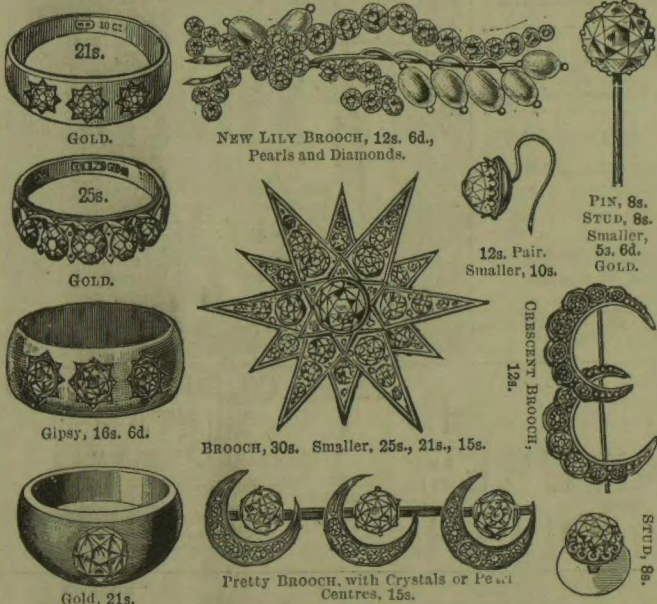
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